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SELECTED TALES.

THE BOUND GIRL.

A Tale of Real Life.

Deeply Interesting & Instructive.

BY SKETCHER.

CHAPTER I.

In the drawing room of one of the most princely mansions in Philadelphia, sat Mrs Marston and her daughter, Amelia, a fashionable young lady of seventeen—the former engaged in reading, the latter in working upon lace from a beautiful design which lay before her. It was a magnificent apartment in which they sat corresponding with the unlimited means of the wealthy merchant Mr James Marston. The luxurious sofas—the highly finished mahogany chairs, with their spring seats—the rich soft carpets—the large French mirrors in their heavy gilt frames—the superb paintings that adorned the walls—and the many other things that decorated the apartment—all spoke of the circumstances of its inmates. A bright fire glowed in the grate, and diffused a grateful warmth throughout the room, and whose value was more deeply felt as the biting December wind was heard whistling without.

"Ah?" exclaimed Mrs Marston, as she rose from her seat with the newspaper still in her hand, "I see the Harpers have just published another new novel by James. I must send Kate for it immediately."

So saying she left the room. In a few moments she returned.

"Dear me! how cold it is! It makes one shiver to leave the fire but for a moment."

She drew her chair near the fire and again took up the paper. She cast her eye over it and read aloud the following paragraph:

"We have been informed that a committee of benevolent gentlemen have been busily engaged these few days in calling upon some of the wealthy families of our city for the purpose of soliciting donations for the relief of the suffering poor. It is a praiseworthy undertaking, and they deserve the warmest eulogiums, as also do those who have already contributed most munificently. We have the names of some of the donors which we intend publishing, that the poor may know to whom they are indebted. Let the good work go on. Remember who giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord."

Scarcely had she finished reading when the door bell rang, and shortly after the servant ushered in the Rev. Mr Warner and Mr James. The former was the pastor of the Episcopal church in which the Marston family held an elegantly cushioned pew, with a silver plate upon the door, and which said pew they filled regularly every Sunday *morning*. The other gentleman was a leading member in the church and a distinguished literary man.

The usual salutations were soon gone through with and the gentlemen were seated.

"It is very cold to-day, gentlemen," observed Mrs Marston.

"Very!" replied the visitors.

"Almost too blustering to move from the fire. Is it not bad walking through the snow?"

"It is indeed, madam, answered the clergyman; and you no doubt are surprised to find us paying visits on such a day. But our object in doing so is one that calls for prompt attention—one that our heart bids us not delay. Simply it is this, madam. We are about raising a fund to be appropriated in alleviating, in some measure at least, the condition of the poor, and we are now soliciting subscriptions. We have called upon many, and they have responded willingly to our requests. Here is the list of names, with the amounts given."

She took the paper and read it over.—Then taking a gold pencil from her belt, she wrote upon the scroll, "Jane Marston—two hundred dollars."

"There," said she, as she put the paper into Mr Warner's hand, "I do indeed feel for the suffering poor, and am always happy to do what I can for their relief.—Theirs' is a hard lot."

"Thank you—thank you my dear madam! Yours is a generous heart! And now we must bid you good afternoon, for we have many calls to make. Allow us again to thank you warmly. Good day." And bowing low they departed.

"How foolish you are ma! exclaimed Miss Amelia, when their visitors were gone. "Two hundred dollars thrown away for nothing. I'd have seen them far enough before I would have given them such a sum."

"Yes, yes, my dear! but the list! the list! There was Mrs. Walton down for a hundred—Mrs. Fitz Lee for seventy-five, Mrs Darley for one hundred and fifty—and many others for such sums; but none were there for two hundred. So when the names are published mine will be at the head. You see, my dear, I could not help it, could I?"

"No, certainly not, ma, if that was the case."

"Oh! what kindliness of heart! Vanity had taken the golden pencil in her hand, and over the signature of Charity had subscribed herself to Poverty as one in Friendship warm!

CHAPTER II.

Scarcely had the door closed upon the visitors, ere it again opened, and a young girl, apparently about fourteen years of age, entered. She was a pretty little creature, with a blithe and graceful form, and an innocent expression of countenance that gave beauty to her face, which many a daughter of wealth might have been proud to possess. But alas! what signified that to her? The thick clumsy shoes—the coarse linsey frock, scarcely reaching below her knees—the rough tow apron—the old slouch bonnet she took from her head as she entered—told plainly of her station in life. She was a *bound girl!*

She stopped short when she had passed the threshold, and, with her eyes cast to the floor, stood some minutes in silence, save ever and anon, when a sigh escaped her bosom—for her eyes were red with weeping—and the tears coursed each other down her dimpled cheeds. A quick shiver ran through her frame as the warmth from the grate came in contact with her chilled limbs, for her bare arms and neck were blue with the cold.

"Well, Miss, what's the matter now?" said Mrs Marston sharply, rising from her seat as she spoke, and approaching the girl.

The poor thing opened her lips about to speak, but burst into tears.

"What's the matter, I say?" reiterated her mistress. "Where are the books I sent you for, eh?"

"I—I—indeed I could not help it—"

"Could not help it?—help what? What have you been doing now, Miss?"

"I lost the money, ma'am." And again she burst into a flood of tears.

"Lost the money, did you? Pray what did you do it for?" asked Mrs Marston, white with anger.

"Indeed I could not help it ma'm!"

"You couldn't, eh? Well take that Miss—and that,"—and she dealt the child a couple of blows across the face that made her reel again. "Now be off, and hunt it Mrs. Trollope, and see you don't return without it, d'ye hear?"

So saying she thrust her from the room, and shut the door.

Verily, "Charity covereth a multitude of sins!" This woman had subscribed two hundred dollars to the poor!

CHAPTER III.

The girl returned to the place where she had been so unfortunate as to lose the money, and, though almost frozen, diligently commenced searching amid the newly-fallen snow. Every spot and cranny where it might possibly have rolled to did she rigidly explore. For fully an hour she continued her endeavors but all to no purpose. At length, almost dead with cold, she gave up the search as hopeless, and returned to Mrs Marston. She told her of her vain search, and explained how she came to lose the money; that as she was pursuing her way to the bookstore two boys suddenly ran against her and caused her to drop it from her hand.—Whether they had picked it up, or what had become of it, she knew not, but she could not find it. She begged her to forgive her—told her she could not help it—it was accidental—but Mrs Marston bid her begone and find it or never return.

Again did the poor bound girl return to the place where her misfortune had occurred. Again did she renew her exploration of the unlucky spot—groping with her stiffened fingers amid the snow, and peering with anxious gaze upon the whitened pavement, until her eyes became dim, and she could look no more. She seated herself upon a step near by, and gave vent to a flood of bitter tears.

The streets were full of people, hurrying hither and thither, many of whom passed her by unnoticed. Some few inquired the cause of her distress, but passed on without even a word of comfort;—others condoled with her in a few common place words of kindness, but moved on without offering assistance, and left her there still crying and sobbing.

At length a carriage came down the street towards her. It was a plain but substantial looking equipage, with no footman dangling on behind—no gaudy housings and liveried driver—yet the sleek and spirited coal black steeds that pranced before it, bespoke such appendages not without the owner's reach. It had almost passed when a voice from within commanded the driver to stop, and doing so he jumped from his box, and opening the door let down the steps. An elderly gentleman of perhaps fifty years of age, alighted, and approaching the girl inquired the cause of his grief.

"What is your name, my girl, and why are you sitting here in the cold?"

"My name is Kate Clarendon. I lost some money, and my mistress will not let me return home till I find it. Oh, I am so cold, sir."

"Tell me all about it, my dear, how did you come to lose it."

Kate looked up in his benevolent face, and felt that she had found one friendly heart to sympathize with her, so she told him of the manner of her loss, of her return to Mrs Marston, of her unfeeling conduct towards her, and her vain search for the money.

"The unfeeling wretch!" exclaimed the old gentleman, "and she struck you, too?"

"Yes, sir," sobbed the girl.

"And bid you find it, or never come back?"

"Oh! yes sir. What *shall* I do? I am so cold."

"And you have no friends or relations?"

"None, none," and poor Kate's tears burst forth with increased violence.

"Then you shall go with me, my dear, unless you would rather not. 'Tis a good way from the city—my home—but you shall be kindly treated."

"Any where! any where!" exclaimed the weeping girl, and the old man raising her in his arms bore her to the carriage, and putting her therein ascended himself. The driver closed the door, and mounting upon his box, drove on.

CHAPTER IV.

Old Time drives fast. His swift chariot, with "its sightless wheels, and its airy steeds" has rolled on and left four years buried with the past. It is a lovely summer morning. A brighter sun never shone on the quiet town of N——, or a bluer sky never looked down on the glassy and romantic streams which flowed before it. A short distance from the town on an eminence that gradually sloped even to the very edge of the river stood a stately mansion. It was of ancient architecture, partaking somewhat of the Gothic order, and apparently had stood there for at least a quarter of a century. Yet there was no vestige of decay or ruin in its appearance; it was like a hale old gentleman of some three score years and ten, on whom the marking hand of time is firmly laid, yet doth he scarcely feel the touch.—The grounds surrounding the house were beautifully laid out in gravelled walks—rich beds of rare flowers, and grassy plots with summer houses and arbors, forming cool retreats from the summer's sun;—whilst marble figures and statues placed at intervals throughout the grounds, gave to the place a most magnificent appearance. Rich fields of fruit and grain, interspersed with rustic cottages extending as far as the eye could reach on every side, and which appertained to the same estate, told of the good old gentleman of Linden Hall.

Beneath a large arbor of flourishing grape that extended from the immediate front of the mansion for some twenty rods, or more, towards the river, commanding the cool breeze that arose therefrom, sat an elderly couple, who, like "John Anderson my Jo" and his dame had already began to descend the hill of life.—If the face is an index of the heart, surely their placid and benevolent countenances told of good and upright ones, and indeed it was even so, for none were more universally beloved for their kindness and benevolence than Col. Liston and his estimable lady. It was a perfect picture of contentment as they sat there, the old gentleman reclining in his easy chair, his head bared to the breeze, and his white silvery locks floating adown his neck, ever and anon addressing a few kind words to his companion, as now and then he raised his eyes from the newspaper which he held in his hand; while she in her old cushioned rocking-chair, leaned leisurely back, and alternately applied the knitting apparatus with which she was employed, or replied to the words addressed her by the Colonel.

The old gentleman laid down the paper, and sat for some time in thought.—At length he said suddenly.

"I've been thinking of Dr M.'s orders this morning. By zounds I'd rather stay at home than to go to Saratoga."

"Yes, but you know it may do you good, my dear, and besides it will give Kate some opportunity of seeing the world. I think you had better try it."

"Well, I suppose if I must I must, and in fact I don't mind it so much now, since you mentioned Kate, for it is high time she should see somewhat of life. She is a dear sweet girl. Ah! here she comes."

Just then a clear ringing laugh was heard—the light bounding of feet, and the next instant a lovely girl of perhaps eighteen summers rushed into the arbor, and kneeling gracefully at the old man's feet, emptied her apron of a load of flowers which it contained.

She was an exquisite creature with lithe and graceful form, just rounding into womanhood somewhat about the middle height, and most symmetrically proportioned. Her head seemed cast in nature's canniest mould, and every feature harmonized into one striking whole. The broad leghorn flat, which had fallen back from her head, left her shining curls of jet, free and unrestrained, and they fell in rich masses adown her neck, almost burying her round white shoulders in their abundance, save one or two which shaded that sweet and open brow, so fair and snowy it seemed like breathing marble. The prettiest pair of rosy lips that ever tempted one of Adam's sons were Kate Liston's, and her eyes—those deep, blue, sparkling eyes, so eternally dancing in every glee—shaded by the longest and silkiest lashes, oh! what a world of language was there in their glance. And then her complexion always so beautiful, but now heightened in its beauty by the recent exercise which had spread so abundantly the rich carnation over her damask cheeks, and her smile—ah! alter all it was her bewitching smile, so full of archness, so winning, that made her what she was—a sweet and lovely woman.

"Only see what a load of flowers I have gathered!" she exclaimed.

"Ah! you have been taking your usual ramble this morning, you rogue, eh?" and the old man patted her playfully on the cheek.

"O, yes papa, I do so long to roam the fields, and woods; and I love the flowers so, and the birds, and the streams, and every thing in nature."

"It is your pure and innocent heart that makes you love them so, dear child," said the old lady. "May you always hold them dear."

"Ay, and you too dear mother; for it was you who taught me first to admire all things that bore the impress of *His* hand," and rising from her kneeling posture, she threw her arms around Mrs Liston's neck, and pressed her lips fondly upon the old lady's cheek.

"You are a good girl, Kate," said Mrs Liston affectionately, "and a happy one too, I ween."

"And if I am happy I owe it all to you and dear papa," replied Kate with a look of gratitude. "Ah, how can I ever repay you both for half the kindness I have received at your hands."

"There, there we've enough of that," said the Colonel who liked to do good actions, but did not care about hearing them praised. "But come I have something else to talk about. What sat say you to leaving your birds and flowers for a month or two, eh?"

"Leave Linden Hall!" said Kate in surprise.

"Yes my dear leave for Saratoga."

"For Saratoga; I would rather pass the summer here than at any fashionable watering place on earth."

"I' faith so would I, Kate, but the doctor says I must go for the benefit of my health—which you know is nothing to brag of—and so I suppose I must. You know I cannot do without you, and so you will not hesitate; besides you will see something of the world, my dear, and perhaps get a beau there—by zounds, that's what I'm afraid of, for if you should fall in love—nay you needn't blush so my fairy, I only say *if*—with some fine young fellow, he might want to carry you off, and then what would I do?"

"No fear of that, papa; but if it is for your benefit, I shall be delighted to go to Saratoga, or anywhere else."

"Spoken like a dutiful child!" exclaimed the old gentleman. "But come, we must into the house, for I hear the bell for breakfast," and supported by Kate on one side and Mrs Liston on the other, he entered the mansion.

CHAPTER V.

It was *the* season that the most aristocratic of all aristocratic watering places—that most select of all fashionable rendevous—Saratoga. It was the height of the season. The place was full, at least so the visitors said, though the proprietor of "Congress Hall" did not. There was an immense assembly; men of wealth and men said to be wealthy; learned professors and college students, men of pleasure and men of leisure, doctors, lawyers, officers of the army and navy, and so forth; a vast amount of pretty women, and some not so pretty: belles with fortunes and some sadly in want of fortunes; old maids and young maidens; some leaders of the ton and some most essentially led by the ton; managing mothers with very marriageable and unmarriageable daughters—the last mentioned personages by the who, in no small quantities, being more numerous than any other class of the other visitors—as is always the case at fashionable watering places.

But, as in heaven, there is always some star more brilliant in its brightness than the surrounding constellations, so in such gatherings of *le beau monde* there are invariably some *distingues* who are more noted than their cotemporaries. At least there were, at Saratoga, three of this class of individuals—viz: two ladies and one gentleman. The former, dear reader, were no other than our very estimable acquaintances, of subscription-to-the-poor notoriety, Mrs Marston and her daughter Amelia: the latter, a Mr William Hartley, the orphan son of a distinguished southern gentleman, an heir to an almost princely fortune; in fact, by far the most "eligible candidate for matrimony" that had appeared in the mart for wedlock in many years. He was a fine looking young man, of about three and twenty, neither too slightly, nor yet too stoutly built; with an open, intelligent countenance, large, speaking black eyes, with a modest yet brilliant expression; features not so pleasingly modelled; with a forehead, from which were brushed back rich locks as black as jet, and soft and silky as many a fair lady's ringlets are.

Many were the manœuvres of anxious mothers and their no less anxious daughters, to catch this "gold fish" which was swimming so near them in the waters of Saratoga. And, indeed, he was worthy the patient angling which they so devotedly exercised; he was, indeed, worth catching, not so much for the wealth he was master of, or the good looks he exhibited, as the gentle and manly soul he possessed. There were in that assemblage none more affable and condescending, none less proud than he was, and scarce a heart was there that harbored envious or malicious feelings against one who by his popularity and wealth, was so likely to raise them in the breast of his fellow *men*.

The accomplished general is not always successful; there are times when his most skillful efforts fail to gain him victory.—So it was with the respective mammas.—The fortress they besieged had held out for two whole weeks—(i. e. Mr Hartley had been there that length of time)—and as yet showed no signs of capitulation.—What could be the reason? There had been no lack of generalship; it had been attacked openly and coverily; all the manœuvres known in the code of onset had been resorted to, yet still with no signal of success. To be sure, he had been polite and affable to all, everything that could be expected from a gentleman—yet there was a kind of noncommittal manner about him, that defied and defeated all the intentions of designing mammas, and beseiging demoiselles.

There was however, one mother who was rather more skillful than the rest—or at least appeared to have been so. This was none other than Mrs James Marston. For some days past, Mr Hartley had appeared to pay more attention to Miss Amelia, than to others; whether it was owing to the management of the young lady's mother, in throwing her more directly in his way, or whether to a preference for the lady herself, was yet to be determined. Be that as it may, there were already some whispers afloat as to his being regularly caught, and Mrs M. was in great glee at the very idea, and was already inwardly congratulating herself upon her most superior generalship.

There had been but few rivals of note within the last day or two, and this, perhaps, may have given additional interest to the skirmishing operations we have spoken of. At length however, there came a party destined to become of consequence, late at night, and in a very plain equipage, perhaps the most unpretending of the season.

Next day, there appeared in the parlor of Congress Hall, an elderly lady and gentleman, accompanied by one of the most bewitching creatures eyes ever beheld—at all events, so said the gentleman; but we cannot say the ladies were half so liberal in their opinions. There was no ostentation in their manners or apparel, and yet there was that quiet unassuming air of gentility in their looks and deportment, which bespoke the gentleman and lady at once to all. The eyes of all were upon them when they entered, and in a short time inquiries were flying from mouth to mouth as to who and what they were.—For a long time curiosity was held completely in suspense. There were not many gentlemen in the room it being the time they generally strolled out, or rode, or took their afternoon siests. At length however, they began to drop in pretty fast, and the spacious room soon began to fill, and the most distinguished of the visitors immediately advanced towards the old gentleman and paid him their most cordial salutations. It was now soon known who the new comers were. The reader need scarcely be told that they were our old friends of Linden Hall. Every one was eager to get an introduction to such a wealthy family as they were now known to be, and amongst the most anxious were Mrs Marston and her daughter, notwithstanding she seemed to disrelish the beauty of the young lady, fearing, perhaps she *might* spoil her plans in regard to Mr Hartley. It was observed that Miss Liston started and seemed somewhat agitated when Mrs Marston was presented, but whether it was the easy manner of that lady, or the announcement of a name so distinguished in the fashionable world, was not known.

Several days passed away, during which the Colonel applied himself to such means as his physician had advised him to pursue. Mrs Liston and Kate were the daily companions of his rides and rambles, and when the old lady could not accompany him, Kate alone was his devoted companion. She was an early riser, as were the rest of his family, and they had often taken a long walk before the inmates of the hotel thought of getting out of bed. Kate was fond of these early strolls, because she loved to listen to the morning song of the birds, or watch the sun come up from his rosy bed, and because, perhaps, (I say *perhaps* gentle reader,) they were sure to meet a certain young and handsome gentleman, who looked admiringly at her, and at whom she blushed so bewitchingly that the young man invariably looked again.—Still it was without the impudent gaze of the conceited coxcomb, who bethinks himself privileged to stare out of countenance every woman he meets. There was always a modest drooping of the eyelids, a respectful expression in the clear speaking eye, that bespoke feeling sensitive and refined. An emotion of pleasure, though why she knew not—seemed to pervade her bosom as morning after morning they met in their early walks, although no words of salutation ever passed her lips, for by an inexplicable fatality an introduction had never taken place, notwithstanding they had met so often in the fashionable circle of the place. And with no one she would more readily or willingly become acquainted. Thus said her heart, though she would have blushed to have confessed it with her lips. Alas, poor Kate.

At length the old gentleman passed him not by as usual; but as they met, cordially extended his hand, and warmly greeting him, presented Mr Hartley to his "dear Kate," as he always called her. The young man politely saluted her, and Kate with a maiden blush mantling on her cheek, returned it with a graceful inclination. The Colonel had become acquainted him the preceding day, and discovered in him the son of a valued friend. They proceeded on their walks and soon fell into conversation. Need it be said to whom the walk that morning was a pleasant one—and to whom it seemed shorter than usual?

CHAPTER VI.

It was the last ball of the season at Saratoga, and the brilliantly lighted saloon of Congress Hall, was crowded to excess.—What words can paint how light the hearts, or how bright the eyes of those assembled?—tell of the fair and lovely forms—or number half the witcheries that bound the heart into that scene. Our sweet enchanting country women! they shine wher'er they move, at home or abroad—in cottage or in hall—within the ball room's exciting precincts, or the quiet peacefulness of the domestic circle.—There are perhaps some exceptions—some Mrs Marstons among them; but glad are we to say their number is not legion,—

Right charmingly they looked on the present occasion; whether moving in the giddy mazes of the dance, or promenading the Saloon, or joining in the gay and witty conversation of the little knolls gathered about, awaiting the next cotillion. But there was one in that assemblage that outrivalled others; it was Kate Liston. She was now moving in the dance with Mr Hartley, and through its intricate movements she seemed to glide like some lovely vision. How beautifully she appeared and yet how simply dressed; a plain white robe of muslin, the boddice of which fitted with exquisite neatness to her unrivalled bust; slippers of white satin, which were rather adorned by her pretty feet than adorning them; a simple ribband of a light rose tint, engirdling her waist; (and she had a waist, Kate Liston had, not after the modern model, to be sure, of a few inches in circumference, but one like we see in the statue of the Medicean Venus; a waist one could clasp without fear of breaking—an inviting waist—a love of a waist,) and one single diamond large and brilliant, that sparkled on her snowy forehead were all the adornments of her person. And yet how bewitching she looked, and Mr Hartley knew and felt it, as he beheld her like some airy sprite, bounding to the music of the dance.

Alas! poor Mr Hartley was in a strange way, so said the discerning mamas who had watched his evolutions since the moment he had made his appearance in the room—aye, watched very closely—for they were *so* anxious on *his* account, they had observed him waiting on Miss Liston all the evening—a thing he had never been known to do to any young lady before; they were sure she was an artful, sly thing—that she *contrived* to tie him to her, that she ought to be ashamed of herself to make the gentleman *her* attendant, when it was evident he would have been willingly released.

"Mr Hartley seems quite smitten," remarked one mama to another. "He has been paying very marked attention to Miss Liston, this evening."

"Humph!" was the reply, "rather say she has been paying it to him."

"Do you think so?" asked the other with a meaning glance, which said plainly enough, "I think so too."

"Do I think so?" was the repetition—"yes, and more than that, I *say* she's a vulgar forward girl, ain't she?"

This latter question was addressed to Mrs. Marston who just then joined them.

"Forward!" exclaimed Mrs Marston; "I guess she is. See how she talks and laughs with him as if she had known him for years. I've been watching her all the evening. I suppose she thinks she has caught him. *Only look! as I'm alive she* is inveigling him out of the room; the piazza is a beautiful place for a tete-a-tete. She'll find it interrupted though." This sentence was spoken rather to herself as she moved away. However, though it was spoken in a low voice, it reached the ears of a gentleman, an intimate friend of Hartley's, who had been standing near by and overheard the foregoing conversation. He immediately took a pencil and card from his pocket, and inditing a few lines, gave it to a servant who was passing, to hand to Mr Hartley in the piazza. He delivered it immediately, and Mr Hartley read the following lines:

Dear Will—From a conversation I just overheard, I apprehend that you and Miss Liston will be interrupted in your promenade—Mrs Marston and her daughter will be the cause, they have designs on you, and are jealous of Miss L. Disappoint them if you can for they are contemptible. Yours, &c. J.

He slipped the card into his pocket, whilst a scornful smile played upon his countenance, and turned to resume the conversation which had been broken.

They were standing at the north end of the piazza, her arm locked in his, looking out upon the beautiful scene before them. It was a lovely night; the moon shining brightly, and with its silver rays softening and mellowing every feature of the lovely landscape before them; the air was fragrant and soft, and touched the brow with a gentleness like a kiss of early love, whilst music strains that floated from the Saloon stole o'er the senses with a lulling effect.

"Yes, it is a beautiful night," said Kate, as if continuing the conversation, "and the last I shall spend at Saratoga for the present."

"Do you leave to-morrow, then?"

"Yes, to-morrow we bid farewell, and away to our own dear quiet Linden Hall—our own happy home."

"And do you leave Saratoga without regret? Is there none here who have made your acquaintance, and whom you care about leaving?" said Mr Hartley.

"Oh! yes, there are some— a few—whom I am loth to part with," she answered, whilst a slight tell-tale blush overspread her face, "but there are so many cold worldly people in the mass, and I see so much vanity and selfishness that I am sick of it; I shall be delighted to get home. But when do *you* quit the Springs."

"To-morrow also, and as we both journey southward, I hope to enjoy the pleasure of your company some distance on the road, if agreeable."

"Most certainly. Papa will be delighted that you journey with us, and——"

But the sentence remained unfinished, for just then the cry of "help! help!" near by in a woman's voice, startled them, and on looking round, they beheld Mrs Marston with apparent terror depicted in her face, supporting Amelia, who was just in the act of fainting. Mr Hartley turned away his face as if nothing was the matter, and commenced remarking on the beauty of the landscape, whilst those indoors rushed out to lend their aid. Kate looked at him enquiringly. He understood it, and answered—

"Do not think me devoid of feeling or ungallant, Miss Liston; the young lady's swoon is not dangerous. I had notice that it would happen before it occurred; it shall be explained more fully at some future time."

She smiled, and after standing a few moments in silence, until the *faintee* had been removed to the parlor, they passed into the Saloon.

Next day our friends quitted Saratoga.

In the course of the ensuing spring, Mrs Marston received the following note in an envelope, tied with white favors: enclosed was a five dollar note:—

"Linden Hall, May—, 18—.

Mr and Mrs Hartley's compliments to Mrs Marston, and also to Miss Amelia, and hopes that the former has brought the art of manœuvring to the highest perfection, and the latter that of swooning to the most desirable ultimatum. Mrs H. also hopes that the enclosed note will in some measure compensate for the loss Mrs Marston sustained some years since, through the *carelessness* of a certain Kate Clarendon, whom she will no doubt recollect, although she did not, perhaps, recognize her in the adopted daughter of Mrs Liston."

The chagrin of Mrs Marston may be imagined. We again remark there are many Mrs Marstons; but we need not comment.

PALMER SENTINEL.

Palmer Depot, Sept. 24, 1846.

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The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance.

AGENTS.

The following are our duly authorized Agents. Business done with them is the same as though done at this office:—

S. F. Pepper,	**Ware.**
F. Dickenson,	**Belchertown.**
S. B. Stebbins,	**Ludlow.**

Agents Wanted!

Four or five *responsible* Young Men are wanted to obtain subscribers for "The Sentinel." Good encouragement given. Any responsible young man in any of the adjoining towns where our paper circulates, wishing to act as Agent in obtaining Subscribers in that town, by writing a line to us, or calling at this office, shall be well paid.

Wood! Wood!!

Wood in *any quantity* taken in exchange for the Sentinel, if brought *soon*.

Politics.—The political cauldron is boiling—the Elements of party which have long been inactive, are in commotion, and Whigs and Democrats, Abolitionists and Natives, are putting before the people their candidates—good men and true—real patriots of '76—who perchance have barely heard of the Revolution—times that tried men's souls. First in State affairs, the Abolitionists at a Convention held at Worcester early last spring, presented their old candidates, and they are moving *all* before them to defeat an election of the candidates of either of the other parties—this is all they expect to do—all that they can do. They hold a *Mass* Convention today, in this village. Their candidates may possibly get 15,000 votes.

Next the Democrats held a Convention in Fanueil Hall, in Boston, last week, and selected the Hon. *Isaac Davis*, of Worcester, as candidate for Governor and George Hood of Lynn, as candidate for Lieut. Governor. Against the character and abilities of these men, no one can say aught. Mr Davis, as a citizen, is honest, upright, generous—as a man for Governor of the State, if elected he would be found faithful, capable and just. He *is* a politician, and should he get a majority of all the votes of the State, he surely will be Gov., for he will feel it a duty to accept. Mr D. is punctilious in his religious, moral and temperance views. He belongs to the Baptist persuasion, and his contributious and kind offices for that denomination for the support of the "stated preaching of the Gospel," at home, and abroad, is equal to the most liberal of their faith. *George Hood*, of Lynn, we know to be a man every way worthy of the support of the party which has put him in nomination. His abilities for the office cannot be brought in question. He has often represented his town in the House, and has also represented the County of Middlesex in the Senate—displaying in both situations talents highly respectable, and, what is desirable in a politcian, true fealty to *the cause*. In religion he is devoted to the tenets and discipline of the Methodist Episcopal Church *North*.

To-day, the whig party meet at Faneuil Hall, to nominate *their candidates*, and notwithstanding it is said to be impossible to tell "who is Governor till after election," we will venture our reputation as a prophet, by prophecying, that whoever is *nominated* by the whigs *will be elected*. We presume that Gov. *Briggs* will be nominated for the office he now holds, as will Mr Reed for the office of Lieutenant Governor. These names are well known throughout the State, having occupied as they have for several years the offices of Chief Magistrates of the Commonwealth. Both are most worthy, upright, deserving citizens,—as Magistrates. they are competent and faithful to their trusts, and we doubt not that if they are selected by the Convention, they will command, as they deserve, every vote of the party.

The election of Governor we must put down as trifling compared with the Congressional Election in District No. 6. It is announced that Hon. *George Ashmun*, our present able, fearless, and independent Representative declines standing as a candidate. However much the *masses* may regret his determination, there is a certain class, *somewhat numerous*, that have received the announcement with those *profound* feelings of *sorrow* that brings pearly waters to their eye-lids, resembling tears as might be pumped from a *crocodile*.—The course is clear and somebody must be harnessed for the race. The political press is chary of its opinions;—one, however has broken silence—the Westfield News Letter thinks the candidate belongs of right to the whigs of Hampden, and points to one in the southwest part of the District, as the man. Our vision is obscured—else we see its finger point directly to the "*well dressed gentleman in gold specs*." Notwithstanding it is but "one step from the sublime to the ridiculous," we must confess that the News Letter has hit upon a gentleman whose talents well qualify him to succeed the Hon. Mr Ashmun and we are half inclined to lend friend Porter the aid of "whip and spur" to bring the whig convention up to his support. But we fear it will be no go,—Westfield is not quite half of creation, nor the whole of District No. 6. There are other good men in the party, and we can name among the first and foremost Chas. Forbes, Esq., of Northampton; but we suppose he will not consent to be a candidate; then there is C. P. Huntington, Esq., also in the same category. Passing up the river we find George T. Davis, Esq., of Greenfield, who would *like* to be elected *if he could, but there is a division among* the whigs in his neighborhood, and he finds enemies where he should have friends. Discretion holds him in check, and he will not stand. "Is there not in all Israel a man?" The east side of the River speaks—Hon. Myron Lawrence, of Belchertown, of all others, at this juncture of affairs must be the candidate.—Universally known and respected throughout the District for his talents and abilities, for his open, frank, and generous bearing as a man and politician, we think the Whigs could not find a better candidate—one more sure or deserving of success.

The Democrats, too, are in a quandary. The Hon. *Chester W. Chapin*, as a candidate, has become tired *of standing*, and he declines. In their ranks there are but few aspirants. We might name for the south part of District the Hon. *John Mills*, for the middle, Dr, *Stephen J. W. Tabor*, and for the northern portion, the Hon. *Mr Cushman*. Either person named would be unobjectionable to the party with which they act—and in point of character and talents will compare favorably with the best and most talented men in the District, or State. One of them will probably receive the nomination. In connection with them we have heard the name of Judge Dickinson of Amherst mentioned as being likely to succeed. Mr Dickinson is a talented man, worthy of the office and as political writers will have it, he is *every inch a Democrat*—and in our opinion a *little more* than that. It is the last qualification which would be like to give him more strength than the Democratic party possess.

The Abolitionists will probably run their old candidate—and the ticket is full.

We have given our readers a somewhat extended review of the battle ground, for the Fall campaign. We hope we have offended no one, for what we have written we have done with no partiality for one party more than another. It has been our endeavor in our observation, "nothing to extenuate nor aught set down in malice"—but to sketch slightly the foreshadowings of the political labor that is doing and is to be done, hoping that we might possibly enjoy the reflection of Othello—"that we have done the State some service," albeit our neutrality prompts us to perfect liberality in writing, but in voting, liberty to choose our own men; as we trust every one will do without reference to these crude and desultory observations.

Answer to the Enigma in our last is Jack Downing. Correctly answered by J. W. O., Monson. Answer to the Arithmetical Question is 12 Barrows, 18 Sows, and 70 Pigs. No correct answer.

Don't deceive children.

Phrenology.—Mrs. Wellington has been giving a course of Lectures in this Village upon the subject of Phrenology.—She delivered two very interesting lectures on Monday and Tuesday evenings.

Mrs. W. seems to have a perfect knowledge of this science in all its details, and gives in her lectures a clear and comprehensive view of it. Phrenology has now acquired the character of a science, and the facts, which it developes, being well established, the subject is entitled to the candid and thorough attention of every inquiring and enlightened mind.

Mrs. W. has taken rooms at the Western Rail Road Hotel, where she will wait upon ladies and gentlemen for phrenological examinations. Give her a call, and, our word for it, you will get your money's worth.

Wm. L. Swan, of Northampton, who was killed by the Indians a short time since, while on his way from Fort Bent to Santa Fe, was a son of the P. M. at Cumington. The Northampton Courier says that he was a most worthy and estimable young man, and left Northampton about two years since for the West, to regain his health which had been impaired by injuries received from an accident on the W. R. R. near Palmer, a few years since. He stopped in Chicago for a time, and gaining the confidence of his employers, he was sent on a trading expedition to Santa Fe.

Cotton in Turkey.—We see it stated in the N. Y. Herald, that the Sultan of Turkey has despatched a carte blanche to our Secretary of State. authorizing him to send a special instructor or two to that place to try the experiment of cotton culture on the eastern side of the Dardanelles, and that he has complied with the request. He has selected Dr. J. L. Smith of Charleston, and Dr. J. H. Davis of Fairfield, S. C., both men of science. They were to leave in the Great Western, which sailed on the 4th.

There is now making in Cabotville, a sword intended as a present to Gen. Taylor. On one side is an engraved representation of the battles of the 8th and 9th of May, taken from the frontispiece of the Rio Grande Quick March, recently published. It is said to be the most costly one ever manufactured.

Fire.—A fire broke out on Saturday night last in the large barns of Col. David Moseley, of Westfield. The barns were full of hay and grain; there were 75 tons of first rate hay, 250 bushels of rye, 400 bushels of oats, all his farming tools, cart, wagon, sleigh, harnesses, &c., a pleasure carriage only being saved. Loss $2000, insurance $500. It was the work of an Incendiary.

Sued for a Libel.—Mr Bowles of the Springfield Republican has been sued for a Libel, by Messrs. Ellenwoods of Boston, and damages laid at $2000. The alleged libel consists in a letter from a correspondent in Northampton, and published in that paper about a month since. It cautioned the public against a couple of persons, who had been visiting Northampton and had left there for Springfield, who were supposed to be pickpockets. No names were mentioned in the communication.

Otto Sutor.—This man who attempted to murder Mr Symmes and wife, of Lancaster, whom we gave an account of in our last, has been arrested. He was arrested in the German Coffee House, Boston, on Saturday morning the 12th, while taking breakfast. Upon his examination he confessed his intention to murder both Mr & Mrs S., and was fully committed to take his trial at the next term of the criminal court.

We learn that Mr & Mrs S. are doing well.

Statue of Stephen Girard.—This statue designed to be placed in the college at Phila. and executed by Mr Givelot, at Paris, has arrived. It is of the size of life, done in solid marble with the representation of the same coat, the same vest, pantaloons and boots, which he wore when in the discharge of his duty as mariner, merchant and banker.

An English paper gives an account of a tea party of sixty old women, who were the mothers of *eight hundred & sixty-nine children!* They must have had something to talk about at that tea party, we should think.

The printers are to have a grand celebration on the birth-day of Franklin, in Rochester, N. Y.

The Portsmouth, N. H. Steam Factory Company, have voted to increase their capital to $125,000, being an increase of 50 per cent.

The Selectmen of Westfield, have offered $200 reward for the incendiary of Mr Mosley's property, on the night of the 12th inst.

We should like to see the remainder of the story entitled "True Happiness." We think we might publish it.

Forward it as soon as possible.

Eating by the Card.—A green 'un, from Orange county, determined to spend a few weeks in New York, for the purpose of seeing all the sights; and, in order to strike his acquaintance at home with a proper idea of the greatness of his visit, he took up lodgings at the Astor House.—When he was ushered in to dinner, the first day, he was surprised at the number of people who sat down, as well as the vastness of the dining-room. He was equally surprised to see, that each man had a printed account of his dinner before him, and that each one—as he thought—ate according to the directions. He was quite hungry,—and well he might be, after waiting three hours over his usual time,—so he attacked the head of his bill with vigor, and ate down as far as he could, but he soon came to a stand. Just then, the gentleman on the right requested the waiter to bring him some oyster-pie, which our friend heard, and instantly referred to the list to see where it was.

"What!" exclaimed he, with astonishment, turning to his neighbor, "are you *all the way down there?* Why I have *only got to 'roast beef,'* and I feel, already, as if I would burst!"

A Queer Case for the Doctor.—As Dr. D——, of Paris, was returning home on Tuesday se'night, from the Champs Elysees, with his young and pretty wife upon his arm, he was met by a young man, in a great perspiration, and apparently much agitated, who cried out so earnestly "Doctor, follow me, a man's life is in danger," that the doctor let go his wife's arm, saying that he would return as soon as possible. The young man proceeded towards the Boulevards so rapidly that the doctor was obliged to call to him to moderate his pace. The young man, however, still kept on, and Dr. D—— soon lost sight of him. Not knowing what to do, the doctor waited awhile; but as no one came to intimate where the patient was to be found, he resolved to return home, naturally supposing that if he was wanted he should be sent for. Upon arriving at home, he was surprised to find that his wife had not come back. A night passed over, and still no wife; and, after various inquiries amongst the lady's friends without effect, the doctor applied to the authorities. The investigation which was set on foot gives reason to believe that the lady left Paris the same evening, in company with a foreigner, in the train for Brussels or Ostend.—Nothing, however, is yet known of the mysterious affair with any degree of certainty.—*French paper.*

Mexican Females on Horseback.—The Matamoras correspondent of the New Orleans Bee, thus describes the manner of riding, in vogue among the Mexicans:

Did I ever tell you the style in which the Mexicans, male and female, ride on horse. I have written to you so much nonsense, that I have actually forgotten whether I have spoken of this or not. St. James' Day is the time when every Mexican who can, bestrides a horse. There must have been on that day more than 3000 Mexicans on horseback, most of whom pass the street on which I reside. Instead of the men and women riding as they do in our country, they reverse the thing.

The gentleman gets out of the saddle altogether on the broad piece of leather that hangs behind each Spanish saddle. His feet are in the stirrups the same as though he was in the saddle. He catches the Senora by the waist, then flips her up on the saddle, with the left hand encircling her waist, whilst the right has the reins, and in this manner they start off pell mell, at a rate that would make one of our own ladies tremble for her safety. It is both graceful and *comfortable.*

Death of Captain Pope.-A N. Orleans letter relates the manner of this officer's death which was caused by his neglect to give the guard the countersign.—The sentinel was a boy of 19, who hailing and receiving no answer, fired and killed him. The sentry is reported as saying:—"I challenge somebody twice—gin him fair warnin'—he didn't answer, and I jest plugged him." The men sprang into the bushes; and in a short time dragged into the clearing the dead body. Just then the moon, which had risen behind a heavy bank of clouds, emerged from behind them, and shed a pale light upon the group, disclosing the uniform of a volunteer officer!—"Why what have you done! This is one of us," said the corporal, and raising the head of the dead man, he gazed for a moment on his features, and exclaimed,—"My God, boys—it's *Captain Pope!*"—"Captain Pope!" echoed the lad, "Well, who'd a'thought it." I'm mighty sorry; but it wasn't my fault—if it had been the Colonel or Gen'ral Taylor, 'twould bin jest the same!"

"They took me into arrest," said the boy, relating the occurrence to my informant, "tried me by a court martial and acquitted me. I'de only done my duty, but they went and discharged me under pretence that I was under age.

Hon. Franklin Pierce of New Hampshire, it is understood, has been offered the office of U. S. Attorney General, in place of Judge Mason, transferred to the Navy Department.

Many thanks to Mr. Parker for Boston Springfield and N. Y. Daily papers.

Washington, Sept. 12, P. M.

Loss of the U. S. Brig of War Truxton.—A slip from the Mobile Herald, of the 6th inst. brings intelligence of the loss of the U. S. Brig Truxton. Slips from New Orleans contain the same information.

She was lost on the bar off the Tuspan river, 130 miles northward of Vera Cruz. The intelligence was brought to the squadron on the 19th ult., by the brig of war St. Mary's.

It appears that Captain Carpenter, of the Truxton, wishing to get his vessel near the shore, to protect some boats while their crews were obtaining provisions, employed a Scotchman, whom he had taken out of a small Mexican prize to pilot him, but who, from design or accident, run him aground; this was on the 15th inst. On the 17th, with exception of Lieut. Hunter and a boat's crew she was abandoned by the officers and men, sixty in all; who surrendered themselves to the Mexicans. They were hospitably received, complimented with a ball, and left on the next day, with a guide of four men, for Tampico, about 100 miles further north. Lieut. Hunter and his boat's crew, put to sea, captured a small Mexican schooner, and came down the coast to Antonio de Lizardo. Thus only two officers, Lieuts. Berryman and Hunter, and about twenty men were saved.

As soon as the news was received, the steam frigate Princeton immediately got under way, and proceeded to the scene of the disaster. But meanwhile the Truxton had been completely stripped and plundered, and her guns thrown overboard by the Mexicans. After firing the brig, the Princeton immediately returned to the squadron.

The following is a list of the vessels now comprising the squadron off Vera Cruz: frigates Cumberland and Potomac, sloop St. Mary's, steamer Princeton, brig Somers, schooners Flirt, Petrel, Bonita and Reefer, and store ship Relief.

The Falmouth sailed two days previously for Tampico. The Porpoise was off Alvarado, and the Mississippi, Adams and Raritan were at Pensacola.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Woman's Advantages.—A woman may say what she likes to you without the risk of getting knocked down for it. She can take a snooze after dinner, while her husband has to go to work. She can dress herself in neat and tidy calicoes for a dollar, while a man has to fork over at least forty to get a respectable suit. She can go forth in the streets without being invited "to treat" at every coffee-house. She can paint her face if she is too pale, and flour it if too red. She can stay at home in time of war, and wed again if her husband is killed. She can wear corsets if too thick, other "fixens" if too thin. She can eat, drink and be merry, without it costing her a penny. She can run in debt, and make her husband pony up the cash. And she can wear shoes, while her husband has to tug to get his boots on.

Man's Advantages.—A man may say what he likes of his neighbors without being called a gossip for it. He can enjoy a cigar after dinner, while his wife has to wash the dishes. He can go on a "bust" and spend "that dollar," and his wife may go without the "dry goods." He can go into the street without being suspected of spinning "street yarn." He can "brandy" his face if too pale, or "gin" it if it be too red. He can go to war and escape "Caudleizing." He can get the dyspepsia if too thick, and drink porter and eat "chicken fixins" if too thin. He can eat, drink, and be merry, and then go home and blow up his wife for being so "darnation expensive." And he can run in debt and then run away, getting rid of his wife and his debts at the same time.—*Ex Paper.*

A New Trick.—Roguery is every day compelled to resort to new expedients in order to subsist. There seems to be a constant demand upon its ingenuity, and it so unfortunately happens that the cuteness of the rogues renders the supply equal to the demand. A couple of old rogues, old in trangression if not years, yesterday put a new trick in operation to defraud a tailor in Market street of a suit of clothes. They walked into the store, and one of them tried on a new suit. The other appointed himself umpire in matters of taste, and soon gave his opinion adverse to the tailor's, on the perfection of the fit. The rogue who was fitted took sides with the tailor, and the umpire, as the minority is very apt to do in a dispute, got angry, and gave his companion a blow with his fist. Of course the honor of the stricken man could not brook this insult, and he pursued the person who struck him at a very rapid pace down the street. This was all very natural, and the unsuspecting tailor stood a spectator to the race for a few minutes, until he was also struck—with an idea that the speed of the two parties was so nearly equal, there was a probability of the race being an exceedingly long one, consequently a third party was added to the pursuit, and an officer understanding how affairs stood, joined in the race. The latter had the best wind and the best bottom, and overhauled the larks before they had flown too far. On returning to the tailor's shop, on managed to escape, but the good speed of the officer enabled him to catch him again.—*Philad. Ledger.*

Autumn has commenced in good earnest.

SARCASTIC SENTENCE.–Old Elias Keyes formerly first Judge of Windsor county, Vt., was a strange composition of folly and good sense, of natural shrewdness and want of cultivation. The following sentence was pronounced upon a poor ragged fellow for stealing a pair of boots from General Curtis, a man of considerable wealth in the town of Windsor:

"Well," said the Judge, very gravely, before pronouncing sentence of court, undertaking to read the fellow a lecture, "you're a fine fellow to be arraigned before a court for stealing. They say you are poor—no one doubts it who looks at you, and how dare you, being poor, have the impudence to steal a pair of boots?—Nobody but *rich* people have a right to take such things without paying!—then they say you are worthless—that is evident in that no one has ever asked justice to be done you: all, by unanimous consent, pronounced you guilty before you were tried. Now you, being *so worthless*, was a fool to steal, because you might know you would be condemned. And you must know that it was a great aggravation to your offence that you have stolen them in the *large town of Windsor*. In that large town to commit such an act is most horrible. And not only go into Windsor to steal, but you must steal from that great man, General Curtis. This caps the climax of your iniquity. Base wretch! why did you not go and steal the only pair of boots which some poor man had, or could get, and then you would have been let alone; nobody would have troubled themselves about the act. For your iniquity in stealing in the great town of Windsor, and from the great Gen. Curtis, the court sentences you to three months' imprisonment in the county jail, and may God give you something to eat."

MURDER IN ASHBURNHAM.—We learn that a shocking murder was perpetrated in Ashburnham on the night of Wednesday last. It seems that a party of Irishmen employed on the railroad got into a carousal, in the course of which a fight ensued, and one Dennis Shayhan split open the head of Philip Mellville, who had come down from one of the upper sections of the road. The wound appeared to have been inflicted with an axe. After the commission of the murder, the whole party continued their carousal in a shanty near by, into which the body of Mellville was carried, but was afterwards thrown out upon the road, where it was found next morning. Shayhan was taken into custody, and subsequently committed to jail in this town to await his trial at the April term of the Supreme Court. Another Irishman implicated in the murder made his escape. This is the second murder committed in this county April last, the other having occurred in Charlton.—*Ex. Paper.*

FIGHT AT NAUVOO.—ACCOUNTS FROM MEXICO.—We understand that a battle between the Mormons and the anti-Mormons, has at last occurred. It lasted two hours. About ten were killed. Parties separated without advantage to either side. The battle was renewed probably the next morning.

From Mexico, we learn that Santa Anna is still at his Hacienda. Gen. Almonte is to be Minister at War.

Several flags of truce had passed between Com. Conner of the U. S. squadron, and the Mexican authorities at Vera Cruz.

There has been a Counter Revolution in Potosi. Paredes is reported prisoner in Perote. Gen. Worth is advanced to Soialio. Gen. Taylor is moving slowly onward.

An American's boat crew were all ambuscaded, and three killed, by the Mexicans.

Hear the lady editor of the Boston Transcript, in regard to expression:—

"The mouth is one of the most expressive features in the human countenance, and its peculiarity often gives the greatest trouble to artists in delineating physiognomy. The London Literary Gazette says that when a lady desires to compose her mouth to a bland and serene character, she should, just before entering the room, say, *Besom*, and keep the expression into which the mouth subsides until the desired effect upon the company is evident—if, on the other hand, she wishes to assume a distinguished and somewhat noble bearing, not suggestive of sweetness, she should say, *Brush*, the result of which is infallable.

We knew a painter who used to say when a lady sitter desired to make a small mouth and look pretty he told her to say *Flip*, but when the mouth was already too small and needed enlarging, he told her to say *Cabbage*. Perhaps a due attention to these rules might be useful to all persons intending to submit to the modern process of Daguerreotype portraiture."

ELOPEMENT.—One Richard Colman, an Irishman, left this town a short time since, in company with a young girl, and is supposed to have formed an illicit connection with her. He has left an industrious and hard working wife with three young children to look after, and without a penny to help herself. She has supported her family (includidg the man) through the summer, and he has carried off all his own earnings besides somes of his wife's, and left his debts unpaid.—*Daily Adv.*

SINGULAR ELOPEMENT.—The Allegany County (N. Y.) Advocate of the 2d inst. announces the elopement of a blacksmith named Samuel Fellows with a Mrs Betsey Reynolds. They have been traced to Buffalo. Mrs Reynolds is about 31 years of age, and is good looking. She took her family of *five children* with her. She was also in an interesting condition. Fellows took *his* two children—making quite an interesting company. Both the guilty parties being married. Mr Reynolds offers a reward of $50 for the apprehension and detention of Fellows. This rascal sold his farm a days before eloping, leaving his poor wife entirely destitute. He is aged 30, has dark hair and eyes, a slender face, and stands 5 feet 10 inches.

BACHELORS.—As so many attempts are making to keep Bachelors in a state of single wretchedness, it may be well for them to listen to what Bishop Taylor says of marriage. "Single life" says he, "is like a fly in the heart of an apple: he dwells in sweetness but lives alone, and is confined and dies in singularity. But marriage, like the useful bee, builds a house and gathers sweetness from every flower, and sends out colonies and feeds the world, and obeys kings, and their order, and exercises many virtues, and promotes the interest of mankind, and is that state of things to which God hath designed the present condition of the world."

We have never known a season when so many sudden deaths have occurred as during the past summer. Nor have these sudden deaths been confined to the aged. Men in the prime of life, and young men just entered on the threshold of manhood, who looked forward to many years of health and happiness, and usefulness, have also been suddenly removed from the midst of their family and friends, without any warning of their approaching fate.—No one can say that his turn may not be the next. These repeated instances of sudden mortality, showing us the precarious hold which we have on existence, should admonish us to live in such a manner that we need not fear to DIE.—*Boston Journal.*

AN HONEST LIFE.—The poor pittance of seventy years is not worth being a villain for. What matter is it if your neighbor lies in a splendid tomb? Sleep you with innocence. Look back through the track of time! a vast desert lies open in retrospect; wearied with years and sorrow, they sink from the walks of man.—You must leave them where they fall; and you will go a little further where you will find eternal rest. Whatever you may have to encounter between the cradle and the grave, every moment is big and innumerable event, which come not in succession, but bursting forcibly from a revolting and unknown cause fly over this orb with diversified influence.

BOLD THEFT.—As the procession of Van Amburgh's animals was passing through Westminster on Tuesday, Mr Oliver Esty left his store for a moment to look at the train, a little girl staying behind. A man entered the store and the little girl ran to call her father, but when the latter came, the man was gone. About two hours after, it was found that he had taken a pocket book containing seventy-two dollars in cash and valuable papers. The thief was traced to Templeton, and there lost sight of. He was apparently about 50 years of age, wore a low crowned white hat and carried a pack.—*Barre Gaz.*

CURIOUS TIMEPIECE.—In one of the most fashionable resorts in Paris, is a cannon loaded and primed, and so placed that the focus of a burning glass falls upon the powder precisely at 12 o'clock: of course every pleasant day the hour of noon is indicated by the firing of the cannon. On every such day a crowd gathers round it to watch the progress of the sun spot and the manner in which the motion of the earth in its axis is made to fire off artillery.

THE TELEGRAPH.—During a tremendous shower at Philadelphia, the lightning is said to have coursed along the telegraphic wires like a rocket on a line.—Among those who saw this phenomenon, was an Irishman who had just turned out of his lair and gone to work on a building on Somerset street, over which the wires pass. "Och, Jabers!" cried Pat, "that's news iv a battle with the Mexican spalpanes! Any body can tell that by the blaze and smell of gunpowther."

Dr. Sherwood, a few years ago, broached the theory that climate changed every 666 years. He also announced that our climate, in conformity, to his system, would become *milder*, while that of Europe would become colder, during the present and succeeding centuries. Observations on temperature in this country and Europe confirm this theory, and go far to convince many persons that it is well founded.

A Mr Austin has realized the enormous sum of $225,000 this session, from his services as an advocate before the railway committees of the British Parliament.

That's applying the tongue to a pretty good use.

LITTLE OF EVERYTHING.

A CURIOSITY.—We have received a specimen of Pears about half ripened, of the *second growth of this season*, from a tree of James Cooley, Esq., of Granville. The first growth came to maturity early in July, after which the tree blossomed again and bore another small crop, now nearly ripe. A similar thing occured on the same tree, last year.—*Springfield Gazette*

ADULTERY CASE.—Laban Smith, a married man, who has a family in Cabotville, was arraigned before Justice Seammans on Wednesday, on charge of adultery with Elmira Spear, a young woman boarding in the south part of Main street. The evidence was of a nature that induced the magistrate to bind him over to the December Court, and in default of bail he was committed.—*Gaz.*

SINGULAR.—A man about sixty-five years of age was in our office the other day, and we have since learned that he is now for the first time in his life off the island of Nantucket. He declares himself to be much interested in the objects he has encountered in the mainland. Our woods are a new spectacle to this untravelled islander.—*Sandwich Observer.*

A RECEIPT FOR THE SICK-HEADACHE.—Drink plenty of strong tea. *To cure it.*—Leave off entirely.

Another to improve the sepulchralness of the Voice.—Take plenty of Snuff. It has also a good effect, upon your laundress, provided you attempt to wear clean linen and succeed in paying your bills.

A Receipt for Thirst.—Chew tobacco or smoke it. It greatly promotes the cleanliness of your teeth, also the purification of your pockets from filth, in the shape of lucre.—*Chronotype.*

There is a great want of journeymen masons in Nantucket to help build up the town.

The dreadful and loathsome disease of small pox is raging with great destructiveness at Toronto, Canada.

Twenty thousand schools are about to be established in the Turkish Empire.

A boy named George Andros, of Jenksville, was drowned on Friday last. He with another little boy was endeavoring to wade the river.

The troops comprised in the 11th Regiment of Light Infantry, under command of Col. Hawks, will meet at Greenfield for inspection and review on the 2d of Oct. next.

The receipts at the N. Y. Custom House for the first twelve days in the present month, have been $785,941.

Same time last September, 1,070,838.

A River of Jordan Company, capital one million pounds sterling, is proposed by the London Punch, to supply Jordan water for christening the babies of the million, Queen Victoria having set the fashion.

C. H. Cole died at Exeter, N. H., last week, from the effect of a sixpence which he accidentally swallowed eight years since. After death a post mortem examination took place, when the coin was found lodged in the right bronchia, the lung being in a state of complete gangrene.

1's of the Waltham Bank, altered to 5's and 10's, are quite plenty in Boston. They are well done, and the public must be on their guard.

Mr McLane has resumed his station as President of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company. He gets a salary of $5,000 a year. A Washington correspondent of the Baltimore Patriot says he will be offered the State Department.

In 1724, a woman was presented to the Czar Peter I., having a beard which measured a yard and a half in length.

"I'll *draw* on you at sight," said the stomach pump to the pizen. "Get out you *sucker*," said the pizen to the piston.

Mr French, the New Governor of Illinois, Mr Wells, the new Lieut. Governor, and John Wentworth, the Chicago M. C., are all natives of New Hampshire.

The fellow who ran off with a married woman from Long Island, and was arrested at Buffalo by means of the telegraph remarked: "I should have got clear to Wisconsin and no mistake, if it hadn't been for that ere thunder and lightning rod!"

A parishioner complained to his parson that his pew was too far from the pulpit, and that he must purchase one nearer.—"Why," asked the parson, "can't you hear distinctly?" Oh! yes, I can hear well enough." "Can't you see plainly?" "Yes, I can see perfectly well." "Well, then, what can be the trouble?" "Why, there are so many in front me, who catch what you say first, that by the time your words reach my ears they are as flat as dishwater."

E. M. S. Spencer is now on trial in Jersey City for the murder of his wife, committed a few weeks since. The defence is insanity.

The Agricultural Fair at Hartford, commences on Wednesday, and continues to Oct. 2.

The following are the "Retail prices current inside Quincy Market":—

Butter, lump,	20 27
do tub,	12 1-2 a 18
Cheese, new milk	8 a 9
do four meal	4 a 6
Eggs, doz.	12 1-2 a 14
Chickens, pr.	50 a $1,00
Turkeys, pr.	$1 a $1 50
Pigeons, doz.	$1 40
Potatoes, pk.	17 a 00
Beans,	1 75 a 2 00
Cranberries	1 50
Apples, pk.	25
Peaches, pk.	25 a 50
Pears, pk.	50 a 1 00

The following are the retail prices in this village:—

Hay,	$10
Corn,	75 a 83
Rye,	67 a 72
Oats,	33
Eggs,	12 1-2
Flour,	5 37 1-2 a 5 75
Cheese,	7
Butter,	14 a 17
Potatoes,	33
Apples,	25
Poultry,	10
Lard,	7 1-2 a 8 1-2
Tallow,	8 1-2
Pork,	7 3-4 a 8 1-2

The Age of Improvement.

Among the many blessings attendant upon improvements in the social condition, and the advances of our race in intelligence, is the prolongation of human life. With the increase of intelligence, has grown up a knowledge of the elements of health, and a regard for them, and commensurately with the strides of science, have we acquired the means of arresting disease, and averting its ravages. Notwithstanding the progress we have made, statistics show that even now, one sixth of the whole population die annually of consumption.

One of the most important discoveries of the age, in ameliorating the condition of this large class of suffering humanity, is Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry. What time establishes and consecrates, what experience adopts and confirms, what all men in all places unite in saying is good and valuable, is so, no doubt. A popularity of this sort fixes in society its roots so deep and so strong, that time cannot destroy it. The success which has attended this medicine for several years past, has overcome the prejudices of all respectable and sensible men, and the article has taken a stand among the first class of discoveries and blessings of the age; and when resorted to in season, eradicates the diseases for which it is recommended.

None genuine, unless signed I. BUTTS on the wrapper.

Agents.—Abner Allen, Palmer Depot; Wm. N. Packard, Monson. 37

Mr. F. Brown,

Dear Sir: I am much gratified in having an opportunity to announce to you, that, by the use of three bottles of your Sarsaparilla and Tomato Bitters, I have been, from a state of general debility and decline, and continual suffering, restored to the enjoyment of good health. For a number of years I have been troubled with the Liver Complaint, so badly at times, as to prevent my attending to business, and Dyspepsia followed, with loss of appetite, weakness and debility, and a sinking and oppressive sensation at the stomach, most painful and distressing, which gradually decreased my strength, and led me into a decline, and debilitated me so much as to [illegible] recovery; while in this situation I was induced, by the persuasion of a friend, to make a trial of your Bitters, and was most happily disappointed in finding an immediate relief; and before I had taken the contents of the first bottle, I had obtained a comfortable state of health, and before I had used three bottles, I enjoyed better health than for a number of years. This was about two years since, and my health has continued good till the present time. I must say that I have not much confidence in patent medicines, but I am satisfied, from the wonderful effects of your Bitters in my own case, and of friends whom I have induced to use it, that it is a valuable medicine, and I take much pleasure in recommending it to my friends and acquaintances, and indeed to all who are thus afflicted, as well worthy a trial. I remain yours,

PELEG SPRAGUE.

Bath, Me., April 20, 1844.

Agents.—Abner Allen, Palmer Depot; Wm. N. Packard, Monson. 37

JUST PUBLISHED!

GREAT MEDICAL RE-PRINT!

First American, from the tenth English Edition.—Self-Management and cure of Pulmonary Consumption, and all diseases of the chest and lungs. By W. T. Buchan, M. D. of London, England. With a Portrait of the Author, and Engravings illustrative of the Anatomy of the Lungs.

Price only 25 Cents.

THIS work contains a brief and distinct description of the *Anatomy of the Chest and Lungs*—an outline of Dr. Buchan's *highly successful* method of treating Colds, Coughs, Asthma and Consumption—an account of his *new and powerful remedy*—and directions for *self-management and cure*, adapted to popular use.

It is the result of nearly twenty years' practice and experiment in the city of London, and the combined experience of the most learned Physicians and Surgeons of the age—forming a perfect Manual of medical knowledge and advice in relation to the anatomy of the Lungs, the signs, symptoms, treatment and cure of Pulmonary Complaints.

This Work and the treatment which it recommends, are held in the highest possible esteem in Great Britain, as the extracts from public journals, which are given in the appendix, will abundantly show. Dr. Buchan truly declares, that with this simple Guide, "*a consumptive patient may do more for himself than any ordinary physician can do, by any of the common methods of practice.*"

Published by D. F. BRADLEE, 130 Washington street, Boston, and sold by all the Booksellers and dealers in new publications in the United States.

Price 25 cents per copy—the usual discount to the trade.

AGENTS.—Palmer Depot, A. Allen; Northampton, W. Hillyer; Amherst, N. Fitch; Belchertown, H. A. Longley; Ware, L. Dimond; Barre, Woods & Co., and by the dealers in medicine generally. 12

☞ The various and almost numberless certificates of the efficacy of *Hunt's Liniment*, given by those, who have by its power, after years of helplessness, been restored to the use of their limbs, and who moved by a sense of gratitude and duty, come forward to recommend it to their suffering fellows, present a case so strong that none but the most ungenerous can hesitate to acknowledge all that it claims to be in the way of alleviating and permanently eradicating pain of every description. We therefore say to our friends, wherever they may be, under whatever disease they may be laboring, which can be reached by an external remedy,—buy Hunt's Liniment,—persevere in its application—and we have not the least hesitation in saying that you will find disease to vanish at its touch, and have reason to bless the day when you first made the trial of its healing virtue.

The Liniment is sold by

D. F. McGILVRAY.

Shoes! Shoes!!

JUST received at the Depot Store, a fine assortment of Ladies, Misses and Children's Shoes, in all qualities, colors and prices, to which the attention of the Ladies is solicited.

D. F. McGILVRAY.

Brighton Market.—*Monday Sept.* 21.

[Reported for the Daily Advertiser.]

At Market, 2200 Beef Cattle, more than half of which were Beef, 3400 Sheep, and 1525 Swine.—Several hundred of Beef Cattle and also of Stores remain unsold.

Prices—Beef Cattle—We report, except for thin, to correspond with last week—extra 5 50; first quality $5 a $5 25; second $4 25 a 4 75; third 3 a 4.

Stores—Two year old $8 a $14; three year old $16 a $24.

Sheep—Lots from $1 to 2 17.

Swine—Lots to peddle 3, 3 1-4 and 3 3-8 and 4, 4 1-4 and 4 3-4. At retail from 4 to 5 1-2c.

MARRIAGES.

In Williamsburgh, Aug. 25, Mr Augustus H. Cole, to Miss Julia Rice, both of W. Aug. 25, Mr Edwin Rice of Williamsburg, to Miss Julia Ripley, of So. Hadley.

In Stafford, Ct., by Rev. Mr Washburn, Mr Elisha Stillman of Barre, to Miss Mary A. Cummings of Prescott.

DEATHS.

In this town, Thorndike Village, Sept. 10th, Mary Elisabeth, daughter of Jose M. Colton, aged 15 months.

In this town, on the 17th inst., Mr Baldwin, (the blind man,) of consumption.

In Ware Village, Sept. 5th, Stephen Hammond Fay, son of Timothy Fay of Hardwick, aged 18.

In Monson, on the 9th, Mrs Electa, aged 46, wife of Mr Samuel Wolbridge.

In Wales, Aug. 6, Mr James Sherman, aged 40.

Palmer Depot

BOOT, SHOE & CLOTHING STORE.

J. BOWLES,

RESPECTFULLY informs the inhabitants of Palmer and the adjoining towns, that he keeps on hand and will make to order every variety of

Boots, Shoes and Clothing.

Also—A good assortment of *Confectionary and Fancy Articles.*

Also—A large lot of superior CIGARS, wholesale and retail. Hotels furnished at the lowest prices for cash.

A share of public patronage is respectfully solicited.

Palmer Depot, Sept. 18, 1846. 37-tf

A FARM WANTED

WORTH from 1500 to 2500 dollars, with good buildings, &c. Any one having one for sale at a fair price, in the vicinity of a market, by stating the quantity of land and wood,—condition of buildings, quality of soil, price, &c., by addressing the same to E. C., through the post office at Three Rivers, may find a purchaser.

A good grass farm, and one well supplied with water, would be preferred. 37-2tf

Liberty Mass Convention.

A Liberty Mass Convention will be holden at JOHN ALLEN'S HALL, Palmer Depot, on, more probable in a grove near, should the weather be suitable, on THURSDAY, the 24th of Sept. inst at 10 o'clock, A. M., to continue through the day and evening. Wm. H. Burleigh, of Hartford, and other distinguished speakers are expected to address the Convention.

The Ladies and Gentlemen of Palmer and other towns in the vicinity, both in and out of the County of all parties, and of no party, are respectfully invited to attend.

By order of the Committee of Arrangements.

Palmer Depot, Sept. 16, 1846.

For Sale!

THE subscriber offers for sale his farm in Belchertown, pleasantly situated about one mile [illegible] the centre of the town, on the stage road leading to Palmer Depot. It comprises about

110 Acres of Land,

and all under a *good state of improvement.* Most of the farm is of easy tilth by the plow, or may become permanent mowing. On it is a large two story dwelling house, well finished, wood house, large barn, &c.,—all the buildings have lately been very thoroughly repaired, house painted outside and inside,—the buildings will need but very little done to them by way of repairs for many years to come. It will be sold on most reasonable terms—upon the payment of a small part of the purchase money at the time of sale, the residue of payments might be deferred to distant periods to meet any reasonable wishes of the purchaser—indeed the payments for most of the purchase money might be extended till the avails of the farm, under an industrious and prudent management might be sufficient to meet them. Any young man of sober, industrious habits, will find it an advantageous opportunity to secure to himself a good farm, pleasantly situated, and upon terms within his control.

MARK DOOLITTLE.

Belchertown, Sept. 16, 1846. 36-6t

FASHIONABLE

Tailoring Establisment!

L. A. BAILEY,

HAVING taken great pains to procure the most approved FASHIONS for the coming season, is now prepared to manufacture Garments of every style in the best manner at the lowest rates, and at the time specified.

Cutting done at Short Notice

and full and ample directions given in regard to making, and a

FIT WARRANTED.

The subscriber feeling grateful for the very liberal patronage heretofore extended to him, hopes by unremitting attention to business, to merit a continuance of the same. L. A. BAILEY.

Palmer Depot, Sept. 2, 1846, 34.

"Encourage the New Beginner."—FRANKLIN.

JOB PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT

Mechanics' Hall, opposite the W. R. R. House.

The Subscribers having a large assortment of New and Fashionable Job Type in connection with

"The Palmer Sentinel,"

ARE PREPARED TO EXECUTE EVERY variety of JOB PRINTING, in the best manner and at the lowest prices,

—such as—

Books,	Programmes,	Circulars,
Catalogues,	Shop Bills	Blanks,
Pamphlets,	Tickets,	Cards, &c.

Being practical Printers, we shall give our personal and immediate attention to all work entrusted to our care, and faithfully endeavor to meet the wishes of our customers; we trust our exertions will meet with a liberal share of public patronage.

All orders sent by mail, or otherwise, will be punctually attended to at the shortest notice.

Business and Visiting Cards, with or without printing, constantly on hand, at the lowest prices.

F. P. WHITTEMORE. R. A. TENNEY.

STRAW CUTTERS.

HOVEY'S PATENT SPIRAL

STRAW CUTTERS. Also a good assortment of

WORCESTER PLOWS,

for sale at E. TENNEY'S, about one-half mile east of Palmer Depot, 35-3t.

Wanted!

4 GOOD TAILORESSES will find immediate employment, by calling on

THEODORE C. DENEKEE.

Monson, Aug. 30, 1846. 34-6t

A FEW pieces more of those Black German Cloths, which have given so good satisfaction just received and for sale at the depot store.

D. F. McGILVRAY.

STANTON'S EXTERNAL REMEDY,

—CALLED—

HUNT'S LINIMENT,

IS NOW UNIVERSALLY ACKNOWLEDGED TO BE

The Infallible Remedy

For Rheumatism, Spinal Affections, Contraction of the Muscles, Sore Throat and Quinsy, Issues, Old Ulcers, Pains in the Back and Chest, Ague in the Breast and Face, Tooth-Ache, Sprains, Bruises, Salt Rheum, Burns, Croup, Frosted Feet, and all Nervous Diseases.

THE TRIUMPHANT SUCCESS

Which has attendeded the application of this most

WONDERFUL MEDICINE

In curing the most severe cases of the different diseases above named,—and the high encomiums that have been bestowed upon it, wherever it has been introduced, gives me the right to call on the

THE AFFLICTED

to resort at once to the

ONLY REMEDY THAT CAN BE RELIED ON.

From the New York Mirror.

HUNT'S LINIMENT.—This invaluable Remedy of the many "ills that flesh is heir to," continues to shed its untold benefits upon all classes of society. We have seen a Certificate from some of the most respectable, intelligent, and influential citizens of Westchester, where the Proprietor resides, who are above all attempts to mislead the public in reference to any medicine, remedy, or preparation; and as this testimony is at once spontaneous and uniform in commending this truly excellent Medicine for Rheumatism, and various other diseases named in the advertisement, there can no longer be a reasonable doubt entertained of its extraordinary success and triumph over the maladies in question.

Sing Sing, May 13, 1845.

We, the undersigned, do certify that we have used Mr George E. Stanton's External Remedy, called HUNT'S LINIMENT, and have proved it to be fully equal to the character he gives it. Its healing properties are truly extraordinary; and we most confidently recommend it as one of the most certain external remedies that has yet been discovered.

Caleb Roscoe, Editor Westchester Herald.
Albert Lockwood, Judge Court Common Pleas.
James Locke, the extensive Horticulturist.
James B. Swain, Editor H. R. Chronicle.
M. Churchill, Principal of the celebrated Boarding School for Boys.
Samuel F. Reynolds, Supreme Court Commissioner.
R. R. Voris, District Attorney.
Theodosius Clark, Pastor Methodist Episcopal Church.
Robert Wiltse, late agent M. P. State Prison.
Aaron Ward, late Member of Congress.
Munson I. Lockwood, Clerk of the County.
Wm. H. Peck, agent M. P. State Prison.
B. C. Morse, Pastor of the Baptist Church.

Benjamin Moore,	Samuel Trowbridge,
Abraham Kipp,	Pierre Van Cortlandt,
Stephen Marshall,	Abraham Miller,
John Strang,	Gilbert Martin,
Philip G. Van Wyck,	Edmund M. Blunt,

Benjamin Washburn.

☞ The following shows a case of Rheumatism cured with only one bottle of Hunt's Liniment.—The letter is addressed to Mr Stanton:

Yorktown, June 18, 1845.

SIR,—Having cured me of a severe attack of Rheumatism, which had rendered me almost helpless, and at the same time made me suffer great pain, I would offer my testimony in favor of the great properties which your External Remedy, Hunt's Liniment is possessed of. I only used one bottle, and with that I consider I have been saved from a protracted and severe illness. I am now attending to my business regularly, which is that of a farmer. Your obedient serv't,

OLIVER VAN CORTLANDT.

This Liniment is sold at 25 and 50 cents per bottle, by all the Principal Druggists and Merchants throughout the country.

Wholesale Agents in New York.

Hoadley, Phelps & Co., 142 Water street; Rushton & Co., 110 Broadway; A. B. & D. Sands, corner Fulton and William; Aspinwall, 86 William street.

Orders addressed to me at Sing Sing, N. Y., will be attended to.

GEO. E. STANTON, *Proprietor.*

Sing-Sing, Dec. 17, 1845.

AGENTS.—G. W. Callener, East Longmeadow; Samuel Leach, Wilbraham; Shaw & Chapman, So. Wilbraham; Norcross & Converse, Monson; J. C. Royce & Co. Wales; Andrews & Merrick, Brimfield; D. F. McGilvray & Co. Palmer Depot.

To Builders

AND OTHERS!!

THE subscriber is now prepared to furnish all kinds of Lumber at the Albany price, with the addition of freight. Purchasers are invited to call and learn prices and examine quality before purchasing. The Lumber Yard is near the depot store.

N. B. A large lot of Yellow and White Pine, and Spruce Flooring, all ready for laying on hand.

D. F. McGILVRAY.

REMOVAL.

C. TORREY, Counsellor at Law.

HAS removed to A. N. Dewey's new building, South of the Rail Road.

OFFICE, up stairs, opposite Sentinel office

C. T., is Commissioner to take Depositions, and the Acknowledgment of Deeds in Massachusetts, for use and record in New Hampshire.

Palmer Depot. July 1, 1846. tf 25

B. B. WHITTEMORE,

Attorney & Counsellor at Law,

OFFICE—Nearly opposite the Post Office,

24tf PALMER DEPOT, MASS.

GEORGE H. HUDSON & CO.,

MERCHANT TAILORS

AND DEALERS IN ALL THE VARIETIES OF

English, German, French and American

Broadcloths, Cassimeres, & Vesting.

—*ALSO*—

In ready made clothing, and Gents' furnishing goods, at the

Merchants' Exchange Clothing Establishment,

WARE VILLAGE, MASS. 13

J. D. BARBER,

Fashionable Tailor,

PALMER DEPOT, MASS.

Garments made in the best style and warranted to fit.

Particular attention is paid to cutting where the Garment is to be made out of the shop.

Palmer Depot, Jan. 12, 1846.

Hats! Hats!!

SOME beautiful style Drab and Black Hats, now offered for sale at

McGILVRAY'S.

THE subscriber has just received a large addition to his extensive stock of Gent's Thin Boots and Ladies' Shoes, which he is selling at remarkably low prices.

D. F. McGILVRAY.

LADIES' GLOVES & HOSIERY.

A FULL assortment at low prices, at

McGILVRAY'S.

Hams, Pork and Lard.

EXTRA Boston Hams, Pork and Lard, for sale at

McGILVRAY'S.

Gentlemen

CAN be accommodated with a cheap article of Boots, Brogans and Shoes, at

McGILVRAY'S.

SUMMER GOODS selling cheap at

McGILVRAY'S

POETRY.

The Editor.

That editor who wills to please,
Must humbly crawl upon his knees,
And kiss the hand that beats him;
Or if he dare attempt to walk,
Must toe the mark that others chalk,
And cringe to all that meet him.

Says one, your subjects are too grave—
Too much morality you have—
Too much about religion;
Give me some witch or wizzard tales,
With slip-shod ghosts, with fins and scales
Or feathers like a pigeon.

I love to read, another cries,
Those monstrous fashionable lies,
In other words, those novels;
Composed of kings and queens and lords,
Of border wars and gothic hordes,
That used to live in hovels.

No, no, cries one, we've had enough
Of such confounded love-sick stuff,
To craze the fair creation;
Give us some recent foreign news,
Of Russians, Turks—the Greeks and Jews,
Or any other nation.

The man of drilled scholastic lore,
Would like to see a little more
In scraps of Greek and Latin:
The merchants rather have the price
Of southern indigo and rice,
Of India silks and satin.

Another cries I want more fun,
A witty anecdote or pun,
A rebus or a riddle;
Some long for missionary news,
And some for worldly carnal views,
Would rather hear a fiddle.

The critic, too, of classic skill,
Must dip in gall his gander quill,
And scrawl against the paper;
Of all the literary fools
Bred in our colleges and schools,
He cuts the silliest caper.

Another cries, I want to see
A jumbled up variety—
Variety in all things:
A miscellaneous hodge-podge print,
Composed—I only give the hint,
Of multifarious small things.

I want some marriage news, say miss,
It constitutes my highest bliss
To hear of weddings plenty;
For in a time of general ra.n,
None suffer from a drought, 'tis plain—
At least not one in twenty.

I want to hear of deaths, says one—
Of people totally undone,
Of losses, fire, or fever;
Another answers, full as wise,
I'd rather have the fall and rise
Of raccoon skin and beaver.

Some signify a secret wish
For now and then a savory dish
Of politics to suit them;
But here we rest at perfect ease,
For should they swear the moon was cheese,
We never should dispute them.

Or grave or humorous, wild or tame,
Lofty or low, 'tis all the same,
Too haughty or too humble;
And every editorial wight,
Has naught to do but what is right,
And let the grumblers grumble.

For The Sentinel.

Geographical Enigma.

I am composed of 19 letters:

My 14, 16, 2, 12, 14, is a county in Mississippi;
My 8, 11, 18, 14, 13, is an island in the Pacific;
My 2, 12, 16, 14, 3, is a lake in Asia;
My 3, 11, 10, 3, is a town in Africa;
My 19, 14, 3, 2, is a town in Arabia;
My 8, 2, 17, 3, is a town in France;
My 8, 10, 14, 18, 1, is a town in Brazil;
My 9, 11, 18, 3, is a number in America;
My 14, 16, 9, 5, 3, 15, is a town in Ohio;
My 4, 6, 17, 3, 5, is a town in New Hampshire;

My whole is in great demand in one of the Middle States.

NEW JERSEY.

An answer is requested.

Arithmetical Question.

If 8 rails fence one rod in length, how large must that square of land be, that one rail may fence one acre? that is, the square must contain as many acres as there are rails in the fence that encloses it.

N. JERSEY.

An answer is requested.

HUMOROUS.

EITHER WAY.—A wag one day asked his friend, "How many knaves do you suppose are in this street besides yourself?" "Besides myself!" replied the other, in a heat, "do you mean to insult me?" "Well, then," said the first, "how many do you reckon, including yourself?"

In the streets of Leicester, one day, Dean Swift was accosted by a drunken weaver, who, staggering against his reverence said—"I've been spinning it out." "Yes," said the Dean, "I see you have, and you are reeling it home."

A girl in one of the counties of N. Y., who has a swivel or screw eye looked so long and affectionately on a gin bottle that she actually drew out the cork. An apt instance of the power of true love.

Out West, they dry musquitoes for tooth pricks.

"I see you're on the watch," as the thief said to the guard chain.

AGRICULTURAL.

Winter Employments.

"Now shepherds, to your helpless charge be kind—
Baffle the raging year, and fill their pens
With food at will; lodge them below the storm,
And watch them strict."

Next to man's duty of providing for himself and his own household, is that of relieving, to the extent of his power, the wants of his fellow-men in general,—and next to that, is the duty, (to say nothing of interest,) of protecting and nourishing the animals placed under his care, and from which his own comforts are so largely derived. Winter is indeed a season of gloom and unhappiness to those who are in need of food, raiment or shelter; and in truth, however well provided the farmer and his family may be in these respects, if he has the common sympathies of humanity, he will find himself a stranger to peace of mind, while any of the animals dependent on him, are miserable from hunger or exposure; but let every individual of his flocks and herds, receive the full care and attention requisite to their comfort and enjoyment, and a consciousness of this will enable the owner to rest quietly on his pillow, though the storm may howl and rage around.

Besides the cutting and collecting wood and timber, and other business usually done in the winter, the farmer may do much in this season, towards forwarding the labors of spring. Every farmer should have a workshop, where, in stormy and inclement days, he or his men may be employed in mechanical work. If extensive operations are carried on, there should be a blacksmith's forge with an anvil and such apparatus as is necessary for doing small jobs. Implements should be made and repaired, and everything put in readiness for use. A little practice will enable any man of tolerable ingenuity to use the carpenter's or blacksmith's tools so well that he may save many a dollar.

Although the farmer is sometimes prevented from carrying on out door operations by the severity of the weather, his time during this season may be as profitably employed as in any other part of the year. The leisure now enjoyed, permits his mind to be directed to subjects of interest and importance which he had not the opportunity to examine thoroughly, when more busily engaged. He has time for studying and laying plans for future operation—time for reading and for investigating the principles on which his art is based,—a knowledge of which enables him to direct his labors understandingly. By reading he acquires information as to the state and condition of agriculture everywhere. In relation to the different branches of husbandry, he notes well the practices of others, and carefully compares them with his own—resolving to improve his system by adopting whatever is applicable to his circumstances. While prosecuting his inquiries, however, he should avoid a credulous assent to untried schemes and theories. Though he should examine freely, he should apply cautiously—he should endeavor *"to prove all things, and hold fast that which is good"*—counsel, which, though originally given in reference to spiritual concerns, should be held as a motto in all temporal affairs.

The farmer should also provide means for the intellectual improvement of his family. The character of his sons and daughters, depends much on the opportunities they have *at home* for the acquirement of knowledge. Many young men are made discontented with the life of a farmer, and are, perhaps, driven to habits of irregularity, from the want of opportunities for cultivating their minds—from the want of that knowledge which would give them both "power" and pleasure. Every effort should therefore be made to render home pleasant. Books and periodicals, suited to the ages and capacities of both sexes, should be provided. They should be such as will not only convey instruction in relation to the business affairs of life, but of a character also that will tend to improve the morals and elevate the higher sentiments.

Nor should the mind of the farmer himself be restricted to one subject or class of subjects, for in the whole range of nature there is nothing that bears not some relation to his happiness. Let him then study nature in all her shapes and forms—let him heed well her teachings,

"And mark them down for wisdom."

Every season will afford opportunity, to the man of philosophic mind, for observation or for useful reflection and contemplative enjoyment:

"E'en winter wild, to him is full of bliss,
The mighty tempest, and the hoary waste—
Abrupt, and deep, stretched o'er the buried earth,
Awake to solemn thought."

—*Albany Cultivator.*

Tomato for a Cough.

The tomato has been used for a cough, with decided success, says a writer in the Farmer's Register. In one case the cough was from a diseased state of the liver, in another from the lungs. It was used after having been dried as above named, with a little sugar to make it palatable. In a green state it may be made into a syrup for this purpose.

Steaming potatoes and then drying them is a remedy for those which are diseased.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Despondency.

Fearful—trembling—lingering--you are always down. Why don't you rise? Who can make any progress towards wealth, honor or virtue, who will not lift a finger or strain a nerve? You are in the ditch, and there you may lie till you rot, unless you will put forth an effort—nerve—struggle—and labor to work yourself out. Who will assist you while you are lying on your back, sighing for that which you will not stop to hear your sighs, while men of independence will laugh at your situation. "Poor fool! let him perish—he is good for nothing,"—will be the language the majority, who notice your condition. Are you willing to sink as a brute and die like a fool? If not, despond no longer; give a spring and stand on your feet, and push ahead, through mire and dirt, with all your strength. It is the only way and last chance you may have to redeem your character and become a true man.

Millions perish ignobly, because they have not the courage to bear the trifling ills and misfortunes of life. One fatal strike, and they fall from their exalted pinnacle;—to regain their former standing, seems like attempting to cross the Atlantic in a yawl boat, and without putting forth an effort to retrieve their lost fortunes and tarnished honors, they remain sad and dejected, full of doubt and wasting by fear. This is not the course of true wisdom. Push on, and you will accomplish your object and gain your former standing. List to what the poet says. It is as true as Holy Writ. If you are ever subject to fits of despondency, we pray you cut out the following lines and paste them in your pocket book or your money drawer:

"You good distressed!,
Ye noble few! who here unbending stand
Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up awhile,
And what your bounded view, which only saw,
A little part, deemed evil, is no more;
The storms of winter time will quickly pass
And one unbounded spring encircle all."

—*Phil. Sat. Courier.*

Home vs. Taverns.

The rivals of our home are many and fearful. Among the direst is the drinking place, whether known as a porter-house, grog-shop, or tavern. The man who spends his evenings in these stygian fumes, soon grovels, and wallows away half his civilization. Where ought he to be, but by his own warm fire-side, rewarding his wife for the solitary labors and the vexations of the day, and receiving in return those cheap but invaluable pleasures, which are as much above the delirium and ribaldry of the bar-room, as the light of day is above glimmer of a dipped candle! I am no enemy to tavern keepers. They are a useful class of men. Their offers of kindness to the stranger and the traveller, ought to be remembered and repaid. The worst effects of ill-conducted taverns are felt, not by the way-faring man, for whose behoof the inn is instituted, but by the throng of villagers and neighbors, who have, homes of their own; who need no tavern, and who resort thither from idleness, from love of excitement, or from beastly appetite.

Ah! if the bar-room could tell the history of the drunkards who have dropped off one by one, how would the hideous revelation scare the very sot.

The tavern-haunter drinks till he feels half-ruined; he is wretched; he drinks to drown his wretchedness—he does drown it, and his soul along with it!

To young men, beginning life, especially, to newly married men, the counsel is seasonable:—*Reverence the fireside!* Admit no rival here. Let your chief joys be shared by her who has forsaken all other hearts and hopes for you; by those who must inherit honor or disgrace from your course of life. Shun the bar-room and the purlieus of intoxication. They are, to thousands, the avenues of infamy.

A Southern Anecdote.

The slaves at the South generally attend the same meetings with their masters, especially those attached to the Methodist Church. At a prayer meeting, one evening, Jim prayed earnestly for his master, that he might be converted; the master was kneeling in one corner and showed evident signs of repentance; some thought the work accomplished, and whispered to Jim, "Massa converted now."—Jim was incredulous, wouldn't believe it, but thought he would put Massa to the proof; so he went up behind the kneeling sinner, and whispered in his ear, "Massa, Jim free now?" After a pause he answered, "I'll think about it, Jim." Jim thought the work was not accomplished yet, and said, "Massa must have another lick!"—So to praying again he went more earnestly than before, and the master becoming more agitated, Jim crept up behind him again, and repeated, "Jim free now, Massa?" "Yes, Jim, you can go now." This was evidence, to him, of the master's conversion.

I am going to write a work on Popular Ignorance, said young D—— to Dr F——, the other day.

"I know of no one more competent," said the doctor.

UNRIVALLED FAMILY MEDICINE.

Norman's Peruvian Bitters: or *VEGETABLE RESTORATIVE ELIXIR.*

ARE a mild and sure remedy for all diseases arising from a deranged or unhealthy condition of the stomach and digestive organs—such as dyspepsia or indigestion, jaundice, sour stomach, headache, dizziness, loss of appetite, diarrhœa, dysentery, flatulence, morning sickness, pains in the side, back or limbs, drowsiness after eating, an under determination of blood to the head, faintness, piles, liver complaint, and general debility.

The Peruvian Bitters are likewise particularly calculated for females, to remove obstructions and restore nature in a sure and salutary manner; and also for curing the various kinds of humor which affect the body externally. Their operation is mild, but effectual causing no griping, or disagreeable feeling; they stimulate the vessels of the intestines, whereby they cleanse the whole alimentary canal and remove from the stomach and bowels the various impurities which are constantly collecting around them—they most effectually cleanse, purify, and promote a fresh and brisk circulation of the blood; renovate the diseased and languid organs of the system, bring nature into its legitimate channel, and restore health and cheerfulness to the desponding invalid.

One great advantage that the Peruvian Bitters have over any other remedy yet discovered, in the above complaints, is, that in restoring every function to its proper order, they do not reduce the system, so that tonics are required, but may be taken with perfect safety at any time, without particular attention to diet or exercise, as they aid the stomach in digesting its food, and enable the patient to prosecute his ordinary business with renewed energy.

Orders for the Peruvian Bitters in any quantity, addressed to A. BLODGETT, Palmer Depot, will be promptly attended to.

For sale also, by H. G. Hale, Thorndike; E. Bond, Bondsville; A. Shumway, Three Rivers; Wm. Sigourney, Wilbraham No. Village; R. R. Wright, Wilbraham; Wm. N. Packard, Norcross & Converse, Monson; Wm. Olmsted & Co. No. Factory, and Hale & Olmsted, So. Factory, Monson; Andrews & Merrick, Brimfield; A. Blair, Warren; H. M. Bolton, Stafford (Furnace Village.) 22

FURNITURE & CHAIRS!

Of every description, superior workmanship and latest style, may be found at SMITH'S NEW CABINET SHOP and

Furniture Warehouse

THORNDIKE. The rest of the story may be told in a few words. The undersigned has established himself at the above place, where he is endeavoring to acquire a reputation for manufacturing good work which he is determined to sell cheap, cheaper, cheapest, for cash only. His arrangements are such that he cannot be undersold, either in this vicinity, Springfield or Worcester, and respectfully invites those in want of any thing in his line, to give him a call and satisfy themselves with regard to the truth of the above statement.

LEBBEUS C. SMITH.

Thorndike, Aug. 1846. 31-3m

"Encourage the New Beginner."---FRANKLIN.

JOB PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT

Mechanics' Hall, opposite the W. R. R. House.

The Subscribers having a large assortment of New and Fashionable Job Type in connection with

"The Palmer Sentinel,"

ARE PREPARED TO EXECUTE EVERY variety of JOB PRINTING, in the best manner and at the lowest prices,

—such as—

Books,	Programmes,	Circulars,
Catalogues,	Shop Bills	Blanks,
Pamphlets,	Tickets,	Cards, &c.

Being practical Printers, we shall give our personal and immediate attention to all work entrusted to our care, and faithfully endeavor to meet the wishes of our customers; we trust our exertions will meet with a liberal share of public patronage.

All orders sent by mail, or otherwise, will be punctually attended to at the shortest notice.

Business and Visiting Cards, with or without printing, constantly on hand, at the lowest prices.

F. P. WHITTEMORE. R. A. TENNEY.

To Builders

AND OTHERS!!

THE subscriber is now prepared to furnish all kinds of Lumber at the Albany price, with the addition of freight. Purchasers are invited to call and learn prices and examine quality before purchasing. The Lumber Yard is near the depot store.

N. B. A large lot of Yellow and White Pine, and Spruce Flooring, all ready for laying on hand.

D. F. McGILVRAY.

REMOVAL.

C. TORREY, Counsellor at Law.

HAS removed to A. N. Dewey's new building, South of the Rail Road.

OFFICE, up stairs, opposite Sentinel office

C. T., is Commissioner to take Depositions, and the Acknowledgment of Deeds in Massachusetts, for use and record in New Hampshire.

Palmer Depot. July 1, 1846. tf 25

B. B. WHITTEMORE,

Attorney & Counsellor at Law,

OFFICE—Nearly opposite the Post Office,

24tf PALMER DEPOT, MASS.

GEORGE H. HUDSON & CO.,

MERCHANT TAILORS

AND DEALERS IN ALL THE VARIETIES OF

English, German, French and American

Broadcloths, Cassimeres, & Vesting.

—*ALSO*—

In ready made clothing, and Gents' furnishing goods, at the

Merchants' Exchange Clothing Establishment,

WARE VILLAGE, MASS. 13

J. D. BARBER,

Fashionable Tailor,

PALMER DEPOT, MASS.

Garments made in the best style and warranted to fit.

Particular attention is paid to cutting where the Garment is to be made out of the shop.

Palmer Depot, Jan. 12, 1846.

A. BLODGETT,

Watch Maker and Jeweler,

3 DOORS WEST OF THE PALMER HOTEL,

North side of the Railroad,

PALMER DEPOT, MASS.

Watches and Clocks of all kinds carefully repaired and warranted.

GINGHAMS & LAWNS.

SPLENDID styles selling at a great discount, at McGILVRAY'S.

DR. TAYLOR'S

BALSAM OF LIVERWORT!

FROM 375 Bowery New York, for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Consumption, Liver Complaint and Bleeding at the Lungs.

Read the following certificates.

NEW YORK, March 6, 1845.

Dear Doctor,—I am now connected with the Democratic Advocate, Williamsburg, and am happy publicly to state, for the information of every body, the wonderful effects of your *TAYLOR'S BALSAM OF LIVERWORT*, 375 Bowery on myself. About five years since, all my acquaintances about me pronounced me to be past all hope of cure from fixed consumption, which seemed to mark me as a sure victim. I had a violent cough, for six months almost incessant, preventing me from sleeping more than half an hour at a time. I had profuse night sweats, violent pain in the side and chest, expectorated largely, was greatly exhausted, and reduced almost to a skeleton. I commenced using this medicine, and in three days I felt sure of being cured, I was so much relieved by it. In my case it acted like a perfect charm. I am entirely well, and I have recommended it to hundreds since, and cheerfully do advise most sincerely all persons affected with consumption by all means to use steadily *Dr. Taylor's Balsam of Liverwort*, 375 Bowery, and, my word for it, they will be cured. I can be seen and referred to at any time, at the office of the *Democratic Advocate*, Wilmington, L. I.

Yours truly, A. N. CHAPIN.

Extract, dated Orange, N. J. March 1, 1845.

Dear Doctor,—About five years since I was taken with spitting of blood, with cough. The blood was bright red color. I had two attacks, and I was cured entirely by one bottle of *Dr. Taylor's Balsam of Liverwort*, of 375 Bowery.

(Signed) ISAAC P. BALDWIN.

Sworn to before me, the 1st day of March, 1845.

H. C. TOWNER, Com. of Deeds.

Honesdale, Penn., April 22, 1845.

Dear Doctor.—This is to certify that I have been afflicted for a number of years with a disease of the lungs, which had reduced me to the verge of the grave. All medical aid proved unavailing, and owing to the weakness of my constitution, which age had materially impaired, felt that I could not much longer baffle the disease. At this time I was recommended to try Dr. Taylor's Genuine Balsam of Liverwort, from 375 Bowery. I did so, and by its efficacy can with safety say, I have been almost restored to health, as much so as the infirmities of old age would permit. All those who are afflicted with diseases of the Lungs and Liver, I would especially urge to avail themselves of this sovereign remedy. This certificate can be relied upon, and comes from one of the oldest inhabitants of this town.

JOHN GARRET.

The above certificate we have the pleasure to send you, with permission to publish.

Yours truly, J. & N. SNYDER.

N. B.—Price reduced. Large bottles, $1.00—small bottles, $1.00.

Agents, D. F. McGilvray & Co., Palmer Depot; George Nye, Belchertown; W. N. Packard, Monson. 1y1

KOLMSTOCK'S VERMIFUGE.

THIS remedy for worms is one of the most extraordinary ever used. It effectually eradicates worms of every sort, from children and adults.

It cannot harm the smallest infant or the strongest adult. There is no mercury or mineral in it.—Mercury is the basis of most worm remedies; and the remedy is sometimes worse than the disease.—So never use lozenges, but rely upon this. Every person will be convinced on one trial, that it is the most perfect cure ever invented.

The immense sale that this vermifuge has, is a sure test of its value and the estimation in which it is held by families. It would be quite too expensive to publish a volume of certificates that have been given for this article, and the users of it are requested to spread the name to all persons whom they think may be benefitted by it.

We call on all good citizens to make known the effects of this wonderful remedy.

Remember and ask for *Kolmstock's Vermifuge*, the one that has become known to you through the advertisement should be used in justice to the proprietors.

STARTLING FACTS.

Hundreds of children and adults are lost every year with worms, when some other cause has been supposed to be the true one.

It is admitted by all doctors that scarce a man, woman or child exists but what are sooner or later troubled with this complaint.

Sold by COMSTOCK & ROSS, 19 Tremont Row, Boston—also, by ABNER ALLEN, Palmer Depot.

Cured of Piles.

"For five years I was afflicted with what the doctors told me were the Itching Piles. I had applied to several physicians, and used many medicines without any relief, till I used the Hay's Liniment, which I purchased of COMSTOCK & ROSS, No. 19 Tremont Row, which cured me before I had used all of one bottle. I was greatly relieved upon the first one or two applications. Most seriously do I urge upon the afflicted to use this remedy before all others. My object entirely in making my case public, is hoping I may benefit the afflicted sufferer.

EBEN THOMPSON, No. 4 Allston st.

Sold by Abner Allen, Palmer Depot.

Connel's Magical Pain Extractor,

The great healing salve.—It seems hardly worth while that we should add our testimony to the overwhelming mass that has already been procured by that inestimable burn specific called Connel's Magical Pain Extractor—but we might as well say it exceeds any thing we ever heard of for the rapid and thorough cure of the following complaints, which have been tested in this city, viz.: burns, scalds, tender and sore feet, chilblains, wounds and old sores, bruises and cold in wounds, inflammation, salt rheum, rheumatism, erysipelas, sore eyes and nipples, eruptions and scrofula, chaps, and piles in their worst form. No family should be without this wonderful salve. Sold genuine at 19 Tremont Row, Boston. Sold by Abner Allen, Palmer Depot.

Sarsaparilla.

Comstock & Co's Concentrated Compound Fluid Extract of Sarsaparilla, for the cure of scrofula, chronic rheumatism, general debility, cutaneous diseases, scaly eruptions of the skin, tetters, pimples on the face, mercurial and sipholoid diseases, biles from impure habits of the body, ulcerations of the throat, pains and swellings of the bones, liver affections, and all diseases arising from an impure state of the blood, exposure and imprudence of life, excessive use of mercury. The Sarsaparilla can be depended upon as being as good as any other in this country or Europe. This pure extract is put up in as large or larger bottles as any sold for one dollar, at the unprecedented low price of 50 cents per bottle, or $4 per dozen. Sold by Comstock & Ross, 19 Tremont Row, Boston. Sold by Abner Allen, Palmer Depot. 21-3m.

The Naples Hair Dye,

Is warranted to impart to the hair a jet black, without either affecting its softness or strength, and without staining or in any way injuring the skin. It is perfectly innocent in its nature, and has no deleterious effects on the health, as is attested by the experience of those in the city who have used it.—An apprehension of its possessing injurious qualities, has alone deterred thousands from a valuable preparation which so much beautifies and adorns personal appearance. Sold at 19 Tremont Row, Boston. Sold by Abner Allen, Palmer Depot.

Snuff & Tobacco,

OF the best quality for sale at the depot store, by McGILVRAY.

Paints, Oils & Glass,

ARE now selling at such prices at the depot store, that all who wish to purchase need not think of purchasing cheaper, at any place in the county. D. F. McGILVRAY.

CROCKERY, CHINA & GLASS

WARE, Paper Hangings, Feathers, Carpetings, and all kinds of Furnishing Goods, selling cheap at McGILVRAY'S.

Summer Goods,

SELLING off at great bargains, at the depot store to make room for Fall Goods.

D. F. McGILVRAY.

SUMMER GOODS selling cheap at McGILVRAY'S

BY THE QUEEN'S PATENT.

Triumphant success of

Buchan's Hungarian Balsam of life

The Great English Remedy for Colds, Coughs, Asthma, and Consumption!

THE most celebrated and infallible remedy, for Colds, Coughs, Asthma, or any form of Pulmonary Consumption, is the Hungarian Balsam of Life, discovered by Dr. Buchan of London, England, tested for upwards of seven years in Great Britain and on the Continent of Europe, and introduced into the United States, under the immediate superintendence of the inventor.

Dr Buchan is a distinguished philanthropist and Elder of the society of Friends, and member of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, celebrated for his valuable discoveries in the treatment of Scrofulous Consumption. The Hungarian Balsam is a purely vegetable compound, composed chiefly of a Hungarian Gum, of wonderful power in pulmonary diseases.

The astonishing success of the Hungarian Balsam, in the cure of every form of Consumption, warrants the American Agent in soliciting for treatment the worst possible cases that can be found in the community—cases that seek relief in vain from any of the common remedies of the day, and have been given up by the most distinguished physicians, as confirmed and incurable. The Hungarian Balsam has cured, and will cure, the most desperate of cases. It is no quack nostrum, but a standard English medicine, of known and established efficacy.

Every family in the United States should be supplied with Buchan's Hungarian Balsam of Life, not only to counteract the consumptive tendencies of the climate, but to be used as a *preventive medicine* in all cases of Colds, Coughs, spitting of Blood, Pain in the side and chest, irritation and soreness of the Lungs, Bronchitis, difficulty of breathing, Hectic Fever, Night sweats, Emaciation and General debility, Asthma, Influenza, Hooping Cough, and Croup.

In case of actual disease of the Lungs, or seated Consumption, it is the only source of hope.

Sold by McDonald & Smith, sole agents for the United Kingdom, at the Italian Warehouse, Regent street, London, in bottles and cases, for ships, hospitals, &c.

By special appointment—DAVID F. BRADLEE, Boston, Mass. sole agent for the United States and British American Provinces.

American price, $1 per bottle, with full directions for the restoration of health.

Pamphlets, containing a mass of English and American certificates and other evidence, showing the unequalled merits of this Great English Remedy, may be obtained of the agents, gratis.

None genuine, without the written signature of the American agent, on a gold and bronze label, to counterfeit which is illegal.

J. S. HOUGHTON, 130 Washington street, Boston, General agent for the New England States.

AGENTS.—Palmer Depot, A. Allen; Northampton, W. Hillyer; Amherst, N. Fitch; Belchertown, H. A. Longley; Ware, L. Dimond; Barre, Woods & Co., and by dealers in medicine generally. 1y

THE PILES!

A Cure for Life Guaranticd!

DR. UPHAM'S INTERNAL REMEDY

For the Cure of Piles, Inflammation of the Liver and Spleen, Inflammation, Soreness and Ulceration of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys, and Bladder: Inflammatory and Mercurial Rheumatism; Impurity of Blood; Weakness and Inflammation of the Spine; and for the relief of Married Ladies.

THE Vegetable Pile Electuary, invented by Dr. A. Upham, a distinguished physician of New York city, is the only really successful remedy for that dangerous and distressing complaint, the Piles, ever offered to the American public.

Mark this: it is an *Internal Remedy*—not an external application, and will cure any case of Piles, either Bleeding or Blind, Internal or External; and probably the only thing that will. There is no mistake about it. It is a positive cure—*speedy and permanent*. It is also a convenient medicine to take, and improves the general health in a remarkable manner.

Each Box contains twelve doses, at 8 1-8 cts. per dose. It is very mild in its operation, and may be taken in cases of the most acute inflammation without danger. All external applications are in the highest degree disagreeable, inconvenient, and offensive; and from the very nature of the disease, temporary in their effects. This medicine attacks the disease at its source, and *removing the cause*, renders the cure *certain* and *permanent*.

INFLAMMATORY DISEASES.

Although the *Electuary* was originally prepared for the cure of Piles, yet it has proved itself to be a medicine far superior to all others, in all diseases of an Inflammatory character, with a determination of blood to any particular part or organ. In Inflammation and Congestion of the Liver and Spleen; Inflammation, Soreness and Ulceration of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys, and Bladder; in Inflammatory and Mercurial Rheumatism, it is the best medicine ever discovered.

Impurities of the Blood.—For all Impurities of the Blood, arising from the imprudent use of Mercury, or other causes; for all *Diseases of the skin* and Scrofulous affections; in all cases where the Blood is powerfully determined to the Head, producing dizziness and distress, Dr. Upham's *Electuary* is entirely unrivalled.

To Married Ladies.—Married Ladies are almost invariably subject to that painful and injurious disease, the Piles, with consequent Inflammation of the Stomach, Bowels and Spine, weakness of the Back, flow of Blood to the Head, &c. The Electuary is perfectly safe for Pregnant Ladies, and the most useful Cathartic that can possibly be used, as it will not only remove the Piles and all Inflammatory diseases, *without pain or irritation*, but will ensure an easy time, a safe delivery, and a sound constitution in the offspring.

Cure for Life Guarantied.—The Electuary contains *no Mineral Medicine*; *no Aloes*, *Colocynth*, *Gamboge*, or other powerful and irritating Purgative. No fear of taking cold while under its influence, no change in diet necessary. If taken according to the directions *a cure for life is guaranticd*.

Pamphlets, giving valuable information respecting this medicine, may be obtained of agents, gratis.

J. S. HOUGHTON, 130 Washington street, Boston, General agent for the New England States.

AGENTS.—Palmer Depot, A Allen; Northampton, W. Hillyer; Amherst, N. Fitch; Belchertown, H. A. Longley; Ware, L. Dimond; Barre, Woods & Co., and by dealers in medicine generally. 1y

A large assortment of the most valuable

FAMILY MEDICINES!

Among which are Trull's, Norman's (Peruvian,) Ball's, Richardson's, Phelps', and Russell's Bitters. Huil's, Gardner's, Wright's, Brandreth's, Lescur's, Smith's (sugar coated,) Persian, Phinney's, Ball's, Richardson's, Phelps', (Tomato and Cough,) Gridley's, Peters', Hitchcock's, Russell's, United States and various other Pills.

Whittemore's Vegetable Syrup for Diarrhœa, &c. Fahnestock's Vermifuge, an invaluable remedy for Worms. Becannon's Pulmonary Syrup. Covert's Balm of Life, Richardson's Pectoral Balsam. Ames' Cough Syrup, Moore's Essence of Life, Down's Elixir, Sand's Sarsaparilla, Egyptian Eye Wash, Catarrh Snuff, Cheesman's Arabian Balsam, Michaux's Freckle Wash, Brandreth's and Gridley's Liniment, Opedeldoc. Sand's remedy for Salt Rheum, Cohen's Rheumatic Embrocation, Root's German Ointment. Griswold's, Sweet's, Essex's, Sherman's Bettis' and Hebrew Plasters.

Sherman's, Fales', and Peters' Medicated Lozenges, Castor Oil, Hot Drops, Tooth Powders, Hair Tonics, Essences, &., &c.

Warranted Genuine, for sale by

8 A. BLODGETT.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

ALL persons visiting this place are particularly invited to call and see my splendid stock of Goods, which is made of from the smallest and less important article to the largest and most desirable article, which is kept for sale in almost any establishment. Goods warranted to be what they are represented. D. F. McGILVRAY.

N. H. Down's

Vegetable Balsamic Elixir,

AN almost sure relief for Lung Complaints.—Certificates of its superiority over most other Elixirs, can be seen at the subscriber's store—it needs no puffing. Invalids try one small bottle, then you will know its goodness. For sale by

D. F. McGILVRAY.